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CRAZY TALES;

AND

F A B L E S

FOR

GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Ms. 23.4.7 on 84 all





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LAZY





<sup>S. A</sup>  
<sup>π</sup>  
CRAZY TALES;

AND

F A B L E S

FOR

GROWN GENTLEMEN.

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Σκηνὴ τὰς ὁ Βίος καὶ παιγνίον. ἢ μάθε παίζειν  
Τὴν σπουδὴν μελαθεις ἢ φερε τὰς οὐνάς.

Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,  
Go learn to model thine by theirs,  
Go learn to trifle Life away,  
Or learn to bear a Life of Cares.

J' abandonne l'exaétitude  
Aux gens qui riment par métier ;  
D'autres font des vers par étude,  
J'en fais pour me desennuier.

GRESSET.

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*A New Edition, with Additions.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall, and T. BECKET  
in the Strand.

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M.DCC.LXXX.

CRANLEY TABLES

TABLES

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



## THE

## AUTHOR'S DEDICATION to Himself.

*Ever honoured and worthy Sir,*

THE reverence and respect due to one's self is the greatest of all, says Pythagoras: knowing how difficult it is to serve two masters, the Author is, and hopes he shall always continue, accountable only to one.

There is something so engaging in your service, that, though he can seldom do any thing entirely to your satisfaction, yet he cannot find in his heart to be angry with you, or to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discernment, to have any thoughts of wheedling you into an opinion of his performance; of the two, he

believes

believes he could sooner prevail upon the world to be indulgent: the world has too much business upon its hands to be a severe judge, or to be difficult to please in trifles; the world must be amused, but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection, to be one of the transient objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from you, is, that you will excuse his folly, and admit his apology for suffering such trifles to appear in public; he can deal with other critics well enough, *if* he is not condemned by you; being,

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

with infinite attention,

your most humble servant,

A. S.

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerpam numero——*

*Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis*

*Perniciem quæcunque ferunt; mediocribus, et quæ  
Ignoscas, vitiis teneor —— ubi quid datur otii,  
Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis*

*Ex vitiis unum; cui si concedere nolis,*

*Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ  
Sit mihi: nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te  
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

By a *manœuvre* I conceive, &c. an ingenious Commentator may endeavour to charge the Author with impiety, as if he ridiculed Circumcision; but, besides his being led into the mention of circumcision by Horace, he only speaks of the operation, not of the institution; that there is an essential difference between them, as well as degrees of nicety or ingenuity in the operative part, he will demonstrate.

No body can deny the ingenuity of his Cousin TRISTRAM's operation, if it had been produced by contrivance and study, instead of accident. If all children were circumcised by the Shandean operation, by the fall of a sash upon the foreskin, the difference in the operation would make no change  
in

in the institution, as a Priest would be a Priest, whether he received the Spirit by a gentle tap, or obtained it by a more violent kind of electricity, by being knocked down.

So far from any impiety in the Author's proposition, we are bound to believe, if there had been any fashies in the wilderness, that the Shandean operation would have been preferred to the Mosaic, which was performed by two flint stones; because the Shandean is more expeditious, less painful, less dangerous, and consequently nicer and more ingenious. Q. E. D.

Upon a proper occasion the Author hopes he will be able to clear himself as fully of all intentional obscenity, which may also be imputed to him by an ingenious Commentator.

*Trublet, vol. iv. p. 6.* "On compose pour imprimer, j'imprime pour composer. Si en composant je n'avois pas le but de l'impression, mon travail ne seroit pas assez animé pour me sauver de l'ennui, quelqu'eût été le sort de mes Essais, &c. J'en avois déjà retiré, avant de les publier, un fruit assez précieux que le succès même. Ils m'avoient longtems occupé sans trop m'appliquer."

T H E

Author's APOLOGY to Himself

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**F** R E E from all pernicious vice,  
 Yet not so scrupulously good,

To want a comfortable spice,

To warm a sober Christian's blood.

The sin of Harlotry and Keeping,

Is that which I can least excuse,

That of cohabiting and sleeping,

With an abandon'd common Muse.

More like a Muse's poor toad-eater ;

A trollop with a flippant air,

Without one amiable feature,

Or any graces to her share.

You tell me, if I needs must print,

You'll not oppose my foolish will,

And

And bid me take a sober hint  
 From sober folks at Strawberry-Hill.  
 Stand forth like them, produce yourself,  
 Be elegantly bound and letter'd,  
 Be wise, like them, nor quit your shelf;  
 But there remain, for ever fetter'd.  
 I do not print to get a name;  
 As TRUBLET says, I am none of those;  
 I only print, because my aim  
 Is happiness, whilst I compose:  
 Composing gives us no delight,  
 Unless we mean to publish what we write.  
 Scribbling, like Praying, 's an employment,  
 In which you think yourself a bubble,  
 Without some prospect of enjoyment,  
 And satisfaction for your trouble;  
 And though your hopes at last prove vain,  
 If you have been amus'd, 'twas so much gain.  
 If you still teaze me, and persist  
 That publishing shews a vain heart,  
 The Songsters upon DODSLEY's list  
 Shall be call'd in to take my part.

And as they strip a lad quite bare,  
 After they've coax'd him from his play,  
 Then lay him down, and cut and pare  
 All his impediments away :  
 And as the lad without his leave  
 Is made an excellent Musician,  
 By a manœuvre I conceive  
 As nice as TRISTRAM's Circumcision :  
 So, tho' you only just can scrape  
 Among the Fiddlers of the Nine,  
 They'll make you drunker than an ape,  
 And make you think you fiddle fine.

And as the ship sailed away,  
After the waves had done their play,  
I saw the smoke and the gun smoke  
All the way to the horizon  
And as the ship sailed away,  
It made an echo in the bay,  
By a wonderful power,  
As much as the ship's own power:  
For the ship's own power  
Was the power of the sea,  
The power of the sea,  
The power of the sea.

PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
CRAZY TALES.

*Quod petis hic est, A  
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

**T**HERE is a Castle in the North,  
Seated upon a swampy clay,  
At present but of little worth,  
In former times it had its day.  
This ancient Castle is call'd CRAZY,  
Whose mould'ring walls a moat environs,  
Which moat goes heavily and lazy,  
Like a poor prisoner in irons,

B

Many

Many a time I've flood and thought,

Seeing the boat upon this ditch,

It look'd as if it had been brought

For the amusement of a Witch,

To sail amongst applauding frogs,

With water-rats, dead cats and dogs.

The boat so leaky is and old,

That if you're fanciful and merry,

You may conceive, without being told,

That it resembles Charon's wherry.

A turret also you may note,

Its glory vanish'd like a dream,

Transform'd into a pigeon-cote,

Nodding beside the sleepy stream.

From whence, by steps with moss o'ergrown,

You mount upon a terrace high,

Where stands that heavy pile of stone,

Irregular and all awry.

If many a buttress did not reach

A kind, and salutary hand,

Did not encourage, and beseech,

The terrace and the house to stand,

## CRAZY TALES.

3

Left to themselves and at a loss,  
They'd tumble down, into the fofs.  
Over the Castle hangs a tow'r,  
Threatning destruction ev'ry hour,  
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw,  
Their Vespers and their Sabbath keep,  
All night scream horribly, and caw,  
And snore all day, in horrid sleep.  
Oft at the quarrels and the noise  
Of scolding maids or idle boys ;  
Myriads of rooks rise up and fly,  
Like legions of damn'd souls,  
As black as coals,  
That foul and darken all the sky.  
With wood the Castle is surrounded,  
Except an opening to a Peak,  
Where the beholder stands confounded,  
At such a scene of mountains bleak ;  
Where nothing goes,  
Except some solitary pewit,  
And carrion crows,  
That seem sincerely to rue it,

That look as if they had been banish'd,  
And had been sentenc'd to be famish'd,

Where nothing grows,

So keen it blows,

Save here and there a graceless fir,

From Scotland, with its kindred fied,

That moves its arms, and makes a stir,

And tosses its fantastick head,

That seems to make a noise and cry,

Only for want of company.

So a Scotch Minister in pulpit,

Is wrought by his gesticulation,

'Till he is taken with a dull fit,

Peculiar to that vocation.

He cries, and throws about his snivel,

Their hearts are harder than the flint,

They let him weep alone, and drivel,

For not a soul will take the hint.

In this retreat, whilom so sweet,

Once TRISTRAM and his Cousin dwelt,

They talk of CRAZY when they meet,

As if their tender hearts would melt.

Confounded

CRAZY TALES. 5

Confounded in Time's common urn,

With Harlots, Ministers, and Kings,

O could such scenes again return !

Like those insipid common things !

Many a grievous, heavy heart,

To CRAZY Castle would repair,

That grew, from dragging like a cart,

Elastick and as light as air,

Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,

Some to shooting, some to fishing,

Others to pishing and disputing,

Or to computing by vain wishing.

And in the evening when they met,

To think on't always does me good,

There never met a jollier set,

Either before, or since the Flood.

As long as CRAZY Castle lasts,

Their Tales will never be forgot,

And CRAZY may stand many blasts,

And better castles go to pot.

ANTONY, Lord of CRAZY Castle,

Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,

No man's, but any woman's vassal,

If he could find a way to suit her;

Collected all their Tales into a book,

Which you may see if you go there to look.

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# CRAZY TALES, &c.

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## ANTONY'S TALE:

OR THE

### Boarding-School TALE.

#### TALE I.

**L**UCY was not like other lasses,  
From twelve her breasts swell'd in a trice,  
First they were like two cupping-glasses,  
Then like two peaches made of ice;  
With swimming eyes and golden locks,  
Golden embroidery and fringe,  
Like an ivory or Dresden box,  
Mounted with golden lips and hinge:

## 3 ANTONY'S TALE

Or like the Glory round the head,  
Of virgin Saints weeping and pale,  
When they are sacrific'd, and led  
To martyrdom, or to a male;  
Or as a comet's golden tail is;  
Or, like the undulating light  
Of the aurora borealis,  
In a serene autumnal night:  
It is a shame, says her Mamma,  
To see a child with bib and apron,  
At BARE thirteen, an age so RAW,  
Grown and furnish'd like a matron.  
But if it was a Burning Shame,  
Lucy was not at all to blame,  
But they, who in her composition,  
Infus'd that warmth which was the cause  
Of such exuberant nutrition,  
The work of vegetative laws.  
It was just at the age I mention'd,  
Upon a very slight offence,  
Miss Lucy was condemn'd and pension'd,  
Both against equity and sense,

Within

# ANTONY'S TALE. 9

Within a Boarding-school's detested walls,

Doom'd to feel all its rigours, all its thralls;

To endure the hunger and the chidings!

To feel the longings and the watchings!

To dread the stealings and the hidings!

To bear the quarrels and the scratchings!

And then such billings, and such cooings!

Such Miss-demeanours and excuses!

Such Miss-takes, and such Miss-doings!

And such Miss-fortunes and abuses!

There was a Captain of the Guards,

A famous Knight of Arthur's table,

Expert in woman, vers'd in cards,

A brother of the Turf and Stable.

He had such a command of features,

And was so droll and full of sport,

He could take off all the queer creatures,

And oddities of Arthur's Court.

Set Arthur's Worthies in a row,

So very comical a Knight,

You could not single out and shew,

Nor one that gave so much delight.

10 ANTONY'S TALE

One day whilst our Knight was busy,  
 Extremely busy with her Mother,  
 Lucy had run 'till she was dizzy,  
 About the Garden with her brother.  
 The Captain's bus'ness being done,  
 He faunter'd up and down the Garden,  
 As if he had neither lost nor won,  
 As if he did not care a farthing.  
 Yet his attention was profound,  
 Observing Lucy grown so tall;  
 Contemplating her breasts as round,  
 And springy as a tennis-ball.  
 The sight, indeed, was quite bewitching,  
 I think I see him whilst I'm scribbling,  
 Mouth watering, and fingers itching,  
 To be both fingering and nibbling.  
 To gratify the two young chicks,  
 He roll'd his eyes, and acted Punch;  
 Playing a thousand monkey tricks,  
 Making his back a perfect bunch.

With

# ANTONY'S TALE. 11

With many a filthy-flobbering kiss,

Courting in Punch's squeaking tone,

And wriggling and embracing Miss,

As Punch embraces his wife Joan.

And how to imitate a breast,

The Captain said that Miss had plac'd,

Swelling on each side of her chest,

Two little dumplings made of paste;

At which Punch gap'd, and swore an oath,

That he would take and eat them both.

On Lucy's neck the hungry spark

Hung fix'd, like an envenom'd snake,

Leaving a deep indented mark,

Which her Mamma could not mistake;

For which irregular proceeding,

Lucy was sent to study breeding.

Lucy was angry with good cause,

For she had seen in Summer days,

Necks very like her own Mamma's,

Without a handkerchief or stays;

## 12 ANTONY'S TALE.

It might be fuller and more nourish'd,  
 And yet a neck not more inviting,  
 Lucy had seen it scrawl'd and flourish'd  
 Both with marks, and with hand-writing.  
 Lucy was under no mistake,  
 For it was not so long ago;  
 Lucy was curious and awake,  
 And old enough, she thought, to know.  
 Would it not make one almost wild,  
 If it was not so very common;  
 To see one punish'd like a child,  
 Only for acting like a woman?  
 To see the moment after, may be,  
 Her mother acting like a baby.  
 Sent to a Governess of spirit,  
 Lucy was watch'd from head to foot,  
 Just like a rabbit with a ferret,  
 For ever at the rabbit's scut.  
 All the whole day in durance kept,  
 At night the Governess with Lucy slept.

But

But Lucy neither slept, nor slumber'd,  
 She tofs'd and tumbled all the night;  
 Her spirits were so much encumber'd,  
 And flurried by the Captain's bite.  
 Whether their poison they impart,  
 By teeth, or nails, or by a sting,  
 There is a virtue in some part,  
 Of every poisonous thing.  
 Tho' the experiment should fright her,  
 Enough to throw her in a fit,  
 Lucy must apply the biter,  
 Unto the poison'd part that's bit.  
 Granted; but how could she contrive  
 To bring so hard a point to bear?  
 'Twould puzzle any wit alive,  
 That had not a great deal to spare.  
 There's a remark, 'twas made long since,  
 MACHIAVEL made it for his Prince;  
 "A Prince, says he, completely cruel,  
 "Throughout inexorably bad,  
 "Is an ineffimable jewel,  
 "Seldom or never to be had."

# 14 ANTONY'S TALE.

Tho' cruel often, and hard-hearted,  
 Lucy's Mamma could not withstand,  
 She gave her blessing when they parted,  
 And flipp'd a guinea into Lucy's hand.  
 With one poor guinea Lucy bought  
 All that the Wise, the Rich, and Great,  
 So frequently in vain have sought,  
 Both in the world and their retreat,  
 No potentate could ever buy it,  
 Nor any child of Power and Wealth,  
 Tranquillity or mental Quiet,  
 With Liberty, Content, and Health.  
 Lucy conducted her affairs  
 So circumspectly, and so snug,  
 By bribes she gain'd a friend down stairs,  
 And made a purchase of a drug,  
 Which drug is, in the vulgar tongue,  
 Commonly call'd, The Devil's Dung.  
 Within the lining of her gown,  
 In two small bags under each arm,  
 She beat and sow'd it nicely down,  
 As if she had sow'd down a chain.

# ANTONY'S ITALICA 15

The exhalation was so strong  
 From every part of Lucy's cloaths,  
 The Misses, as she pass'd along,  
 Brushed away, and held their noses  
 By far the greatest part presum'd,  
 That it was owing to her hair,  
 Others presum'd she was perfum'd,  
 From being rotten as a pear.  
 The scent so violent was grown,  
 Her Governess was forc'd to yield,  
 The room, the maid, were all her own,  
 Arms, tents, and baggage, and the field.

## ODE to VENUS.

O VENUS, awful Sovereign of the Spring,  
 Could I like thy LUCRETIVS sing,  
 Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!  
 Here would I pause, to hymn thy praise,  
 In adamant words, stronger than Fate,  
 And everlasting as his lays!

O'er

16 ANTONY'S TALE.

O'er seas and deserts, undismay'd,  
 Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,  
 The timorous and bashful maid,  
 Faces both infamy and death.  
 Driven by thy divinity,  
 Confounding equity and truth,  
 Order and consanguinity,  
 And loathsome age and blooming youth.  
 Behold the frantick passion how it burns,  
 Like a wild beast breaks every tie,  
 Laughs at the Priest; the Legislator spurns,  
 And gives both heav'n and earth the lye!  
 Let youth and insolence alone,  
 Provoke thy vengeance every hour,  
 But O! spare those that know, that own,  
 Adore, and tremble at thy power.  
 With thy propitious doves descend,  
 And hear the tender virgin's sighs,  
 The humble and the meek defend,  
 And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

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By

By VENUS LUCY was protected,  
 Nothing was hurry'd, or neglected,  
 The Misses, tho' she was quite well,  
     Toss'd up their noses, full of airs,  
 Tho' LUCY now had no one smell,  
     That was not pleasanter than theirs.  
 For a whole winter, every night  
     (Which made the wench grow monstrous thin)  
 'Till the war call'd him out to fight,  
     Had SUSAN let the Captain in.  
 Scarce had he left his native coast,  
 'Till LUCY, summon'd home, became  
 A celebrated London toast,  
     And the first favourite of Fame.  
 LUCY was follow'd by a Peer,  
     But all his arts could not trepan her,  
 After a siege of a whole year,  
     My Lord was forc'd to change his manner;  
 So, like a wife and virtuous girl,  
 LUCY, at last, was marry'd to an Earl.

## My COUSIN'S TALE

O F

## A COCK and a BULL.

## TALE II.

**A**T CAMBRIDGE, many years ago,  
 In JESUS, was a Walnut-tree;  
 The only thing it had to shew,  
 The only thing folks went to see,  
 Being of such a size and mass,  
 And growing in so wise a College,  
 I wonder how it came to pass,  
 It was not call'd the Tree of Knowledge.  
 Indeed, if you attempt to run,  
 (The air so heavy is, and muddy)  
 Any great length beyond a pun,  
 You'll be obliged to sweat and study.

This

MY COUSIN'S TALE, &c. 19

This is the reason 'tis so good for tifics,  
And will account, why no one soph,  
No Fellow, ever could hit off,   
To call this Tree, the Tree of Metaphysics :  
Tho', in the midst of the quadrangle,  
They ev'ry one were taught their trade ;  
They ev'ry one were taught to wrangle,  
Beneath its scientific shade.  
It overshadow'd ev'ry room,  
And consequently, more or less,  
Forc'd ev'ry brain, in such a gloom,  
To grope its way, and go by guess.  
For ever going round about,  
For that which lies before your nose ;  
And when you come to find it out,  
It is not like what you suppose.  
So have I often seen in fogs,  
A may-pole taken for a steeple ;  
Christians oft mistook for hogs,  
Horses ta'en for Christian people.

20 MY COUSIN'S TALE

This stroke upon my tender brain  
Remains, I doubt, impress'd for ever ;  
For to this day, when with much pain,  
I try to think strait on, and clever,  
I fiddle out again, and strike  
Into the beautiful oblique.  
Therefore, I have no one notion,  
That is not form'd, like the designing  
Of the peristaltic motion ;  
Vermicular ; twisting and twining ;  
Going to work  
Just like a bottle-skew upon a cork.  
This obliquity of thinking  
I cur'd, formerly, by Logic,  
And a habitude of drinking  
Infusions pædagogic.  
The cure is worse than the disease,  
'Tis just like drinking so much gall ;  
So I keep thinking at my ease ;  
That is, I never think at all.

Thus

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 21

Thus a presuming Miss designs,  
Quite overwhelm'd with foolish pride,  
She drops her paper with black lines,  
And trusts herself without a guide.  
No longer kept within due bounds,  
For any thing that you can say,  
Her letters, like unruly hounds,  
Running all a different way;  
No longer writes as heretofore,  
But writes awry both now and evermore.  
But, *a-propos*, of bottle-skrews,  
You've seen a Parson at a table,  
Whose business was to read the news,  
And draw a cork, if he was able.  
And do remember, I dare say,  
The foolish figure that he makes,  
When the cork will not come away,  
For all the pains the Parson takes.  
By bit and bit he makes it come,  
'Till he is forc'd, against his will,  
To push it forward with his thumb;  
He has conducted it so ill :

The reason is, his skrew is blunt,  
And will not do as it was wont.

Thus with my head have I been here,

Screwing to get at what I wanted :

That you might have a Tale as clear

And bright as if it was decanted.

But as your time and patience are so short,

I'll try to get at it in any fort.

IN Italy there is a town,

Anciently of great renown ;

Call'd, by the Volscians, Privernum ;

A fortress against the Romans,

Maintain'd, because it did concern 'em,

Spite of Rome, and all her omens ;

But to their cost,

At the long run their town was lost.

Whether 'twas forc'd or did surrender,

You never need, my dear Sir, know,

Provided you will but remember,

Privernum signifies Piperno.

Close

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 23

Cloſe by the Franciſcan Friars,  
There liv'd a Saint, as all declare,  
All the world cannot be lyars,  
Which Saint wrought miracles by pray'r.  
Her life ſo holy was, and pure,  
Her pray'rs, at all times, they believe,  
Could heirs or heiresses ſecure,  
And make the barren womb conceive.  
Which was a very ſafe expedient,  
And alſo wonderful convenient :  
For there was not a barren womb,  
That might not try,  
Going between Naples and Rome,  
As ſhe paſs'd by.  
My ſtory will not be the worſe,  
If you will but reflect with patience,  
Upon the conſtant intercourſe  
Between theſe famous neighbour nations.  
It is ſo great, that I dare ſay,  
The Saint could have but little eaſe ;  
She muſt have been both night and day,  
Continually on her knees.

\ 24 MY COUSIN'S TALE

For I can prove it very clear,  
 That many of those wombs are barren,  
 Which wombs, were they transplanted here,  
 Would breed like rabbits in a warren.  
 Near Terracina, once call'd Anxur,  
 There is a place call'd Bosco Folto,  
 A castle standing on a bank, Sir,  
 The seat of the Marchese STOLTO.  
 In history you all have read,  
 Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,  
 How on that road there is no bed,  
 Nor any inn, you can endure.  
 For STOLTO I had got a letter,  
 From my good friend, Prince MALA-FEDE,  
 And from the Princess a much better,  
 Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.  
 The Marquis is advanc'd in years,  
 And dries you so, there's no escaping ;  
 The merriest, when he appears,  
 Yawn, and set the rest a gaping.

*Seccare*

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 25

*Seccare* is a word of fun ;

It means to dry, as you may find,  
Not like the fire, or like the sun,  
But like a cold unpleasant wind.

But she is perfectly well bred ;

Neither too forward, nor too shy :  
I never did, in any head,

In all my life, see such an eye ;  
Nor such a head on any shoulders ;  
Nor such a neck, with such a swell,  
That could present itself so well,  
To all the critical beholders.

Four years the Marquis was hum-drumming,

In that same place, with his bed-fellow,  
Waiting for the happy coming

Of a young Marquis, a STOLTELLO.  
As soon as ever he arrives,

The family is to be sent to  
The Cardinal at Benevento,

For the remainder of their lives.

The

26 MY COUSIN'S TALE

The Cardinal is STOLTO's nephew,

His age is only twenty-seven ;

And of that age, alas how few !

Who think, like him, of nought but Heav'n.

His aunt will manage and take care

Of all the Cardinal's affairs,

STOLTELLO is to be his heir,

When he has finish'd all his prayers.

STOLTO may live as he thinks good,

His life delightfully will run,

Between his castle in the wood,

His wife, his nephew, and his son.

And yet according to Fame's trumpet,

Who very seldom trumpets right,

His wife was reckon'd a great strumpet,

His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,

The world will talk, and let it chat :

You cannot think her in the wrong,

To grow quite weary of the place,

She thought STOLTELLO staid so long,

He was asham'd to shew his face.

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 27

STOLTO had heard the Holy Maid

Always cry'd up both far and near,  
And he believ'd she could persuade

His son STOLTELLO to appear.  
Considering what time was past,

How they had try'd, and better try'd,  
STOLTO advis'd his wife at last,

To go and be fecundify'd.

The Marquis told me the whole story,

Which he had from the Marchesina,  
And it is so much to her glory ;

'Tis all the talk of Terracina.

The very night that she came back,

He was in such a listning cue ;  
He almost put her to the rack,

'Till she discover'd all she knew.

First his acknowledgment being paid,

A pepper-cornish kind of due ;  
As they were laid, compos'd and staid,

She told him just as I tell you :

Before

28 MY COUSIN'S TALE

Before the Marchionefs sets out,  
 It will be proper, on reflection,  
 To obviate a certain doubt,  
 A doubt that looks like an objection.  
 Here, because they know no better,  
 The snarlers think they've found a bone ;  
 They think the Marquis would not let her  
 Go such an errand all alone.  
 A Lady, you must understand,  
 That visits, to fulfil HER VOWS,  
 A holy house, or holy land,  
 Commonly goes without her spouse.  
 And so, by keeping herself still,  
 Quiet and sober in her bed,  
 She never thinks of any ill,  
 Nothing unclean enters her head.  
 You're satisfy'd your doubt was weak,  
 And now the Marchionefs may speak.  
 As you foretold, before I went,  
 The Saint was so engag'd, and watch'd,  
 That a whole week and more was spent,  
 Before my bus'ness was dispatch'd.

Indeed

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 29

Indeed you would have greatly pity'd,

If you had seen me but, my Dear ;

Howe'er, at last, I was admitted,

And what I met with you shall hear.

The Saint and I sat on a bench ;

Before us, on a couch, there lay

A pretty little naked wench,

That minded nothing but her play.

Her play, was playing with a mouse,

That popp'd his head in, went and came,

And nestled in its little house,

It was so docible and tame.

Guefs where the mouse had found a bower ?

You are so dull, it is a shame ;

You cannot guefs in half an hour,

I'll lay your hand upon the same.

These, cry'd the Saint, are all ideal,

Visions all, and nothing real,

Yet they will animate your blood,

And rouze and warm the pregnant pow'rs,

Just like the ling'ring sickly bud,

Open'd by fructifying show'rs.

If

30 MY COUSIN'S TALE.

If you are violently heated,

Remember in your greatest needs,

Your Ave Mary be repeated,

'Till you have gone thro' all your Beads :

Take heed, they're going to begin,

I see the visions coming in.

First came a Cock, and then a Bull,

And then a Heifer and a Hen ;

'Till they had got their bellies full,

On and off, and on again.

And then I spy'd a foolish Filly,

That was reduc'd to a strange pass,

Languishing, and looking silly,

At the propofals of an Afs.

I turn'd about and saw a fight,

Which was a fight I could not bear,

A filthy Horfe, with all his might,

Gallanting with a filthy Mare.

And lo ! there came a dozen Priests !

And all the Priests shaven and shorn !

And they were-like a dozen beasts,

Naked as ever they were born :

And

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 31

And they pass'd on,  
One by one,  
Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.  
Then they drew up and stood a while,  
In rank and file,  
And after, march'd off the parade,  
One by one,  
Falling upon  
The miserable, naked Maid.  
Nothing could equal my surprize,  
To see her go thro' great and small !  
And after that, to see her rise,  
And turn the joke upon them all !  
And I kept praying still and counting,  
In a prodigious fret and heat,  
And she successively kept mounting,  
And always kept a steady seat.  
'Till having finish'd her career,  
The Priests were terribly perplex'd,  
They could not tell wihch way to steer,  
Nor whereabouts to settle next.

Brother

32 MY COUSIN'S TALE

Brother was running after Brother,  
Turning their horns against each other ;  
The Holy Maid cry'd out aloud,

Heaven deliver us from sin :  
And I turn'd up my eyes and bow'd,  
And said Amen within :

The instant that I spoke,  
The visions vanish'd into smoke.  
Now, said the Marchioness, and smil'd,  
Now I'll *tofs up with you* for a child.  
Already at your post indeed !  
Bravo—Bravissimo—proceed.—

I find, my dear, you are so stout,  
So firmly fix'd to make a boy,  
I feel—I feel—you'll make it out,  
'Tis done, said she—I wish you joy.

---

Accordingly the Marquis swore,  
That very night he did a feat,  
Which he had seldom done before,  
That night he ran a second heat.

And

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 33

And from that night computing fair,

She had conceiv'd,

About five months when I was there,

As both the Marchionefs and he believ'd.

For four months after I repass'd,

Calling again, to avoid those inns,

And found her brought to bed at last,

Of twins,

So stout, the brothers might have pass'd for

POLLUX and CASTOR.

And so, at last, his cost and toil,

The Marquis was oblig'd to own,

Were laid out on a grateful soil,

At last, he reap'd as he had sown.

D

MISS

MISS in her TEENS:

Captain SHADOW'S TALE.

TALE III.

**M**ISS MOLLY was almost fourteen,  
 Her Cousin DICK a year older,  
 The diff'rence of a year between,  
 Was very easy to be seen,  
 For DICK was grown a year bolder.  
 Tho' he was grown bolder and brayer,  
 MOLLY grew bashfuller and shier,  
 So serious and so much graver,  
 She hardly would let DICK come nigh her.  
 The year before, upon no score,  
 Would DICK be caught in such a trick,  
 As either peeping thro' a nick,  
 Or thro' the key-hole of a door.

The

MISS IN HER TEENS, &c. 35

The year before Miss had no fears,  
And there was no such thing as squealing ;  
And DICK had neither eyes nor ears,  
Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,  
DICK was unlucky, but not rude ;  
And MOLLY so far from a prude,  
'Till now her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon Mamma rode out,  
Papa was laid up in the gout,  
Well, and what became of MOLLY ?

If she had taken her to ride,  
She should have been confin'd and try'd,  
For flagrant and wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,  
Let out without consideration,  
All children of a certain age,  
Are giv'n much to observation.

Their judgment's so exceeding weak,  
Their fancy so exceeding strong,  
That you can neither act nor speak,  
They are so apt to take things wrong.

36 MISS IN HER TEENS:

So neither Miss, nor Dick the sapling,

With Madam rides ;

She is attended by the Chaplain,

And none besides.

Which of the two were better pleas'd,

Is difficult to say, I own,

Miss and Papa had been so teaz'd,

They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber MOLLY's flown,

Fast bolted is her chamber-door,

So cautious the damsel's grown,

From what Miss MOLLY was before.

Ever since DICK began to pry,

Ever since MOLLY cast her frock,

She never ventures to rely

On the protection of a lock.

MOLLY suspects her cousin DICK,

Her cousin DICK's so plaguy fly,

That lock, or any lock can pick,

That DICK has any mind to try.

DICK pick the lock ! it could not be,

If MOLLY only had the sense,

As

CAPTAIN SHADOW'S TALE. 37

As soon as she had turn'd the key,  
Not to have taken it from thence.  
MOLLY would gladly have compounded,  
If DICK would let her 'scape so cheap,  
Whenever MOLLY was impounded,  
She left that hole for DICK to peep.  
She was aware there was no keeping,  
No hindering cousin DICK from peeping :  
For sure as ever you're alive,  
Either with gimlet or skewer,  
Her cousin RICHARD would contrive  
To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.  
For some particular affair,  
That MOLLY had in agitation,  
She did not at that juncture care,  
To be expos'd to speculation.  
She clap'd a fire-skreen to the hole,  
To hinder cousin DICK from spying ;  
Little imagining, poor soul,  
That DICK was in her closet lying.  
The room, as you have heard me tell,  
At all times had been MOLLY's own ;

38 MISS IN HER TEENS;

The closet was a citadel

Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,

And thinking made her more afraid,

A closet was a dangerous place

For stratagem and ambuscade;

So the room still to Miss remains,

The fort to Mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,

Mamma had lost, in a strange fort,

In riding out, the key she lost;

And it was found by Dick at play,

Upon the spot where it was toss'd,

Upon a heap of new-made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,

Is badly broke, and apt to start:

And by a sudden jerk or spring,

Or swing, or some such thing;

Out flew the key, as if a stone

Had flown

Out of a sling.

Pray,

CAPTAIN SHADOW'S TALE. 39

Pray, where was Miss's great neglect?

Where was MOLLY's indiscretion?

This treach'rous key could she suspect

To be in cousin DICK's possession?

She was so circumspect and cool,

Each nook and cranny she survey'd;

She even examin'd the close-stool,

But DICK was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, DICK never told,

And that is much for one so young,

When people that are twice as old,

Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something very curious,

Some strange extraordinary matter;

DICK star'd and look'd quite wild and furious,

Just when he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Tho' she was cruelly betray'd,

DICK made up matters very soon,

MOLLY was reconcil'd, DICK stay'd

And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The point was long, and well debated,

But DICK so solemnly protested,

40 MISS IN HER TEENS;

By MOLLY he was reinstated,

And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,

And sent the Chaplain out to look ;

'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,

But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best ;

As to the key, the careful mother,

Before she laid her head to rest,

Sent and bespoke just such another.

'Twas well she let the lock remain ;

Had it been chang'd on his report,

It would have caus'd infinite pain,

And spoil'd a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time MOLLY grew sick,

Every day sicker and sicker ;

MOLLY's complaints came very thick,

Every day thicker and thicker.

She was advis'd to change the air,

She did, but no-body knows where.

MOLLY came home a different thing,

Both in her shape and every feature,

From

CAPTAIN SHADOW'S TALE. 41

From what she went away in spring,  
You never saw a virgin sweeter.  
'Squire NODDY coming from his travels,  
By MOLLY is a captive led ;  
He to her Sire his mind unravels,  
Her Sire consents, and MOLLY's wed.  
It is six years that 'Squire NODDY  
Has had the care of MOLLY's body ;  
And they have children half a dozen ;  
But what is very odd is this,  
That none of all the six should miss,  
But every one be like her cousin.

ZACHARY'S

CAPTAIN SHADOWS TALKS 41

I know what the world is doing.

You never know it.

Somebody's doing it for you.

My money is a good deal.

It's not the money itself.

It's the confidence, and nobody's worth.

It's the way that people know.

It's the way that people's bodies.

And they have confidence in a doctor.

But what is very odd.

The name of it is the shadow.

It's the way that people know.

SHADOWS

ZACHARY'S TALE;  
OR THE  
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND Cured.

^ The ACTORS in this DRAMATIC TALE, are

The Suspicious Husband,      ANGRAVALLE.

His Wife,                      BINDOCCHIA.

Her Friend,                  PAULINA.

Her Husband's Friend,      NICENO.

SCENE NAPLES.

PART the FIRST.

Z. M. Esquire,

A living Monument

Of the Friendship and Generosity of the Great;

After an Intimacy of thirty Years,

With most of the great Personages of these Kingdoms,

Who did him the Honour to assist him

In the laborious Work

Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune,

These his Noble Friends,

From Gratitude for the many happy Days and Nights

Enjoy'd by his Means,

Exalted him, through their Influence,

In the forty-seventh Year of his Age,

To an Ensigny;

Which he actually enjoys at present

IN GIBRALTAR.

ODE

## O D E to Z A C H A R Y.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit, color, et modus, et res—  
Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,  
Et mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor—*

**W**HAT sober heads hast thou made ake?  
How many hast thou kept from nodding?  
How many wise-ones, for thy sake,  
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding?  
Thou wouldst, altho' the grave-ones shake  
Their solemn locks, and strike one mute,  
As soon be in the infernal lake,  
As in the place of P--T or B--TE;  
Whose heads incessantly send forth  
Projects, with glitt'ring trains, like squibs,  
And scatter, through the South and North,  
Vollies of Ministerial Fibs.  
Asleep, down precipices hurry'd,  
Or, like PROMETHEUS, chain'd to rocks—

By

46 ODE TO ZACHARY.

By vultures gnaw'd, or monsters worry'd,  
 Hell-hounds, whose cry is, *Dei Vox*—  
 Or, victims to a heavier curse,  
 They dream they're dup'd, and fall unpity'd;  
 To fall a dupe, is ten times worse,  
 Than to be worried and Dewitted.  
 Philosophy and Grace is thine,  
 Not spiritual Grace, but sprightly;  
 Inspir'd by the God of Wine,  
 Inspir'd like old ANACREON nightly.  
 That Light divine, that heav'nly Grace,  
 I fear, alas ! thou wouldst not chuse ;  
 That shines and blackens WHITEFIELD's face,  
 Like the japan upon his shoes.  
 Whether thy Grace from Heav'n descends,  
 Or rises from the earth below,  
 Oft hast thou rais'd thy helpless friends,  
 Oft giv'n thy purse unto thy foe.—  
 Who gives his foe his purse outright,  
 Shews plain, if I have any skill,  
 Not only that he bears no spite,  
 But that he bears him a good-will.

And

And also, is perhaps as meek,  
And is as little of a bite,  
As he who only gives his cheek  
(For LESLY gives nought else) to smite :  
Or WHITEFIELD, emptying the pockets  
Of whores, and bawds, and gaping throngs ;  
Turning his eyes out of their sockets,  
Singing and felling DAVID's songs.  
Now thou art gone, where can I find  
Spirit and ease above controul,  
Serenity and health of mind,  
And gaiety and strength of soul ?  
Precepts I find, examples none,  
And guides as blind as a guide-stone.  
The sportive Muse is my Physician,  
To cure the folly, and the madness,  
Of pride of Envy, and Ambition,  
Of Spleen, and melancholy Sadness.  
Soon as I touch the jocund lyre,  
That instant, driven from their seat,  
The dæmons of the mind retire,  
And go and persecute the Great.

48 ODE TO ZACHARY.

O! may their torments never cease,

May they be scourg'd both night and day,

'Till they have brought thee back in peace,

And then, like thee, may they be ever gay!

*This*

*This is so long a Tale, that ZACHARY thought it would be better divided into Two Parts.*

**B**ANDELLO lived in the sixteenth century, in high reputation for his wit, and corresponded with all the great men of that age: He retired into France upon the taking of Milan by the Spaniards, at which time all his papers were burnt: In 1551 he was made Bishop of Agen in France, where his Novels were first published.

Outcries against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good-humour and cheerfulness, by fighting against the *Tedium Vitæ*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none, but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking.

The second part of this Tale is upon a different plan from BANDELLO's: ZACHARY has told the Bishop's Tale with more modesty than the Bishop, and I think the catastrophe is more natural. The best edition of BANDELLO is printed at Lucca in 1554, and reprinted in London, in three volumes, quarto, 1740.

E ZACHARY'S

# ZACHARY'S TALE.

## TALE IV.

**H**OW oft has BOCCACE been translated  
And blunder'd,

And JEAN FONTAINE assassinated

And plunder'd !

Where is the land where BOCCACE and FONTAINE  
Have not in effigy been slain ?

FontAINE they imitate and turn,

BOCCACE they represent and render,

Just as the figures made to burn,

Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn't BANDELLO have a rap ?

Why mayn't I imitate BANDELLO ?

There never was a Prelate's cap

Bestow'd upon a droller fellow ?

Like TRISTRAM, in mirth delighting ;

Like TRISTRAM, a pleasant Writer ;

Like

Like his, I hope that TRISTRAM's writing  
Will be rewarded with a Mitre.

There was a Knight, says our Bishop,

A Knight from Aragon in Spain,

So jealous, that you cannot fish up

His like and paragon again :

He serv'd ALPHONSUS many years,

Both in the wars and in affairs of State,

And fell in love up to the ears,

And would not give it up at any rate.

By bribes and flattery he won

Father, mother, daughter, and son.

And yet he serenaded, sigh'd,

And was long doubtful of his doom,

Before he gain'd his lovely Bride,

With all the rights of a Bridegroom.

And after that, they also tell us,

That in less time than you would think,

He grew so timorous and jealous,

He could not sleep o' nights a wink.

He was not jealous, says the Tale,

All the time he was in training;

52 ZACHARY'S TALE.

'Twas not 'till he began to fail,  
And to fall off, by over-straining.  
As soon as ever he train'd off,

The nights she pass'd can scarce be told;  
All night he could do nought but cough,  
Torment, and tantalize, and scold.

BINDOCCHIA was lively and alert,  
And had no notion of a bridle;

She requir'd one, not only more expert,  
But one as active as her spouse was idle.

Now ANGRAVALLE knew all this,

As well as either you or I,

When he thought proper to dismiss

Those, on whose help she might rely.

He dismiss'd both the men and maids

All together;

Birds of a feather;

Rogues, and intriguing jades;

All but a fellow with a surly look,

Gard'ner, butler, groom, and cook:

And, to cut off all hopes to come,

From an intriguing maid at least.

He pick'd up one both deaf and dumb,  
 And neither fit for man nor beast —  
 Besides, he had such crotchets in his pate,  
 And such strange notions,  
 She could not cross the room without her mate  
 To watch her motions.

BINDOCCHIA was to be pity'd,  
 So watch'd, so scolded, so ill fitted.  
 Considering cuckoldom's a sentence,  
 That cannot be revers'd and null,  
 By commutation nor repentance,  
 Nor by his Holiness's Bull :  
 I cannot think he was to blame,  
 So much as many folks pretend,  
 To shut his doors, and to disclaim  
 All intercourse with ev'ry friend.  
 Those cuckolds, it can't be disputed,  
 That either heaven or earth can boast,  
 Have been, and always are, cornuted  
 By those in whom they trust the most.  
 However, all were not deny'd ;  
 He had a friend he valu'd next his life ;

A friend that he had often try'd;

One, by good luck, related to his Wife.

He was admitted, night or day,

To dine or sup,

Or to step up,

If he was not inclin'd to stay.

NICENO had an equal share

In the affections of this pair.

After much thought and perturbation,

BINDOCCHIA grew to have less care,

For the continual defalcation

In ANGRAVALLE's bills of fare.—

Though you may think her patience strange,

She thought, but not without some doubt,

The posture of affairs would change,

That things would turn, and come about.

Two months were gone, which was a shame,

Without receiving any news,

Though she had oft put in her claim,

And often stickled for her dues;

The longer he was in arrear,

Her case and his grew still more queer.

In

In short, there was no end of waiting;

Her Husband grew so great a debtor,

There was no way of calculating

The chances of his growing better.—

Now, Ladies, I desire to know,

In such a situation,

Was it unnatural, or no,

To cast her eyes on her Relation?

Observe, I said to cast her eyes;

With those 'twas natural to speak;

To mingle also a few sighs,

With a few roses in each cheek:

Except a blush, a sigh, a soft regard,

All other forms of speech are barr'd.

Accordingly, within her lips

She had a tongue in due subjection;

Not apt to wander, and make slips,

Without her order and direction.

One day she went, upon leave granted,

To see her Cousin—pray, take notice, Sirs!

A female that she often haunted,

NICENO's Cousin too, as well as her's;

56 ZACHARY'S TALE.

As usual, attended by the Mute,  
And by the Gardener, her fellow-brute.—

PAULINA was her Cousin's name,

A perfect Saint in her demeanour;  
Though she was spotless in her fame,  
Never was any thing uncleaner:

She could impose upon the Wife and Grave,

And could, with TITUS, safely swear,  
She never lost a day that she could save,  
Nor sav'd a night that she could spare.

BINDOCCHIA told her Husband's case,

His former feats were not deny'd;  
But then his subsequent disgrace,  
By rhetoric was amplify'd.

By what means, or by what discovery,

Her Friend reply'd, can you be sure,  
That ANGRAVALLÉ's past recovery,  
That he is even past your cure?

There's a disorder we call Fumbling,

Amongst the men call'd Fighting shy,  
Teazing, tumbling, squeezing, mumbling,  
Still worse and worse, the more they try.

Upon

Upon our skill in this difeafe  
 All our whole happinefs depends ;  
 All our importance, all our eafe,  
 All our pow'r of obliging friends.  
 We muft, when call'd to their affiftance,  
 Chearfully undergo the Law :  
 'Tis death to them to fhew refiftance,  
 And worfe than death to laugh, or pshaw.  
 With all their humours, all their fancies,  
 In ev'ry form, in ev'ry fhape,  
 We muft comply ; nay, make advances,  
 To help them out of fuch a fcrape.  
 'Tis by this fingle piece of skill  
 That I command and rule,  
 And make my headftrohg mule  
 Submit entirely to my will.  
 BINDOCCHIA, indeed, I fear,  
 That you, like many a haughty Beauty,  
 Think that your goods ought to come clear  
 Of ev'ry charge, and ev'ry duty :  
 And fo they will, my dear, by fmuggling ;  
 But the foundation muft be laid

By

58 ZACHARY'S TALE.

By honest industry and struggling ;

By credit in a lawful trade.

Have you with both your mind and might,

Endeavour'd to set matters right ?

Casting her eyes upon a crucifix,

That hung within her cousin's bed ;

BINDOCCHIA said, I have try'd all the tricks,

That ever enter'd in a head.

I could as soon persuade those thieves,

To steal away and leave their crosses ;

Or the fall'n tree with wither'd leaves,

To rise and to repair its losses.

There never will be life within that lump,

'Till the dead rise at the last trump.

PAULINA, this is my decree,

My spouse must have a Coadjutor ;

His Friend, all precedents agree,

Should be preferr'd to ev'ry suitor.

I need not tell you whom I mean,

Nor ask my Friend to go between :

He has had innuendo's many :

But make NICENO understand,

That

That any scruples, if he has any,  
 Are just like letters wrote on sand :  
 Or like the fears of truant boys,  
 Which interrupt their brisk career,  
 And for a moment damp their joys,  
 But the next moment disappear :  
 Or like a boy in brief dispute,  
 Whether it is a sin to pull  
 A pocket full of tempting fruit,  
 And rob an orchard that's quite full :  
 Nature decides, and doubt no longer hampers,  
 He fills his pockets, and he scampers.

In fine,

PAULINA relish'd her design ;  
 Her friend, by the same guard escorted,  
 Return'd to her old station.

That night PAULINA, 'tis reported,  
 Finish'd her negotiation.

Her arguments had so much weight,  
 NICENO gave up the debate.

BINDOCCHIA, put upon her mettle,  
 Assembles and convenes

Her

Her powers, and all her wits, to settle

And find out ways and means :

She had not been an hour acquainted,

With her Friend's motion and success,

'Till she was taken ill and fainted,

And carry'd off, and forc'd t' undress.

Her mouth was drawn aside and purs'd,

Her head turn'd like the flying chair,

That children ride in at a fair ;

Her stomach swell'd, and like to burst.

All night in bed she made a riot,

Her husband thought she was possess'd,

She never had a moment's quiet,

Nor he a single minute's rest.

Just at the time that the cock crew,

Out of the bed BINDOCCHIA flew,

In the next chamber was a water closet,

Where she began to grunt and moan,

As if she was making a deposit,

And was delivering a stone.

Her husband rose and follow'd near,

And if she had been off her guard,

She

ZACHARY'S TALE. 61

She could have heard with half an ear,

He puff'd, and fetch'd his breath so hard,  
By smothering his cough he kept a wheezing,  
Which for a list'ner is as bad as sneezing.

Hearing him wheeze, she blew a gale,

That seem'd to issue from behind,  
And made her husband turn his sail,

And brush away before the wind.

So well did she perform her part,

Trumpeting with her mouth and hand ;  
He had no mistrust of any art,

Or any dealings contraband.

At ev'ry foul report and crack,

That she in agony let fly,  
He mov'd, and slunk a little back,

Like a judicious able spy.

Scarce were they laid till he began to snore,

BINDOCCHIA started out of bed once more,

And soon spoil'd ANGRAVALLE's snoring ;

He thought it was a kettle-drum,

For never any mortal bum,  
Made such a rattling and roaring.

Again

62 ZACHARY'S TALE.

Again he was upon his feet,

Again she was all wind and griping ;

Again he made a safe retreat,

The instant that he heard her wiping.

His jealous freaks were never so kept under,

But they would quickly shoot and flow'r,

To ev'ry one's astonishment and wonder,

Like mushrooms in a thunder-show'r.

The moment he began to doze,

It was in vain to think of sleeping ;

She started up, whipt on her cloaths,

Ran off, and he came after creeping.

'Till broad day-light,

There was no sign at all of ending,

For she kept going all the night,

And he kept list'ning and attending.

The female cousins, with much laughter,

Concerted all the scenes hereafter.

Next day, the better to impose,

She kept her bed, fatigu'd with purging,

And yet BINDOCCHIA often rose,

Her provocations were so urging.

The

The night was like the night before,

Hurrying, trumpeting, dispatching :

The same attendant at the door,

For ever listening and catching :

'Till he was weary'd out and spent,

And quite convinc'd no harm was meant.

At three o'clock that very morning,

An hour convenient for horning,

NICENO, punctual to his call,

In the next chamber was in waiting,

Convey'd thro' a window of the hall,

Without much doubting and debating.

There was no servant there to fear,

Except the Mute, and none slept sounder,

And she so deaf, she could not hear

Ev'n an eight-and-forty pounder.

The Gardener, by way of Groom,

The only one watchful and able,

Laid at a distance in a room

Over the stable.

And now BINDOCCHIA went to reap

The fruits of all her labour ;

Whilst

64      Z A C H A R Y ' S   T A L E .

Whilst ANGRAVALLE was asleep,

She entertain'd his neighbour.

He was so pleasant and engaging,

She stay'd with him three hours at least,

And tho' he wak'd coughing and raging,

Her Husband could not spoil their feast.

They went on joyously, for nothing caring,

So keen is hunger ;

Regarding him no more than a cheese-paring,

Or a Cheesemonger.

She groan'd, she trumpeted, and crack'd,

And made a noise so diabolic,

You would have sworn she had been rack'd,

And torn to pieces with the cholic.

I may thank you for all I feel,

Cry'd she to ANGRAVALLE, coughing ;

If one was made of brass or steel,

You soon would wear one out to nothing.

Three months with cold have I been dying,

By your ingenious way of lying ;

Such usage is not to be borne,

Toffing and kicking cloaths and sheets !

And

And never cover'd night nor morn !

I could lie better in the streets !

Thus things being come to a conclusion,

NICENO stole away, she shut up shop,

Jump'd into bed without the least confusion,

Scolded a while, and slept sound as a top.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

## ZACHARY'S TALE.

## PART II.

**A**T noon she rose, recover'd quite ;  
 Her colour and her eyes confess'd,  
 They were so radiant and bright,  
 That nat'ral phyfic is the best :  
 As ANGRAVALLE had foretold,  
 Natural phyfic carry'd off her cold.  
 What could not be foretold so well,  
 What he could only hope, at most,  
 That night she rais'd him, like a spell  
 Railing the devil or a ghost.  
 Her charms and efforts were so great,  
 His cure was compleated ;  
 Nay, 'twas so thoroughly compleat,  
 That all the proofs were twice repeated.  
 But this she knew she could not long rely on,  
 Nor would it do by half ;  
 Unless a lamb will satisfy a lion,  
 That can digest a calf.

That half is far more than the whole,  
 In former times, was HESIOD's thought;  
 She was persuaded from her soul,

That half is only more than nought;  
 And consequently less than half must stand,  
 Just like a cypher, plac'd on the left hand.

This very sudden revolution  
 Caus'd in her Husband a revulsion,

Which caus'd a sudden resolution  
 To yield, and follow its impulsions.

His country-house wanting repairing,  
 He thought to take a three days airing.  
 Though he had vow'd a trust unshaken

For his BINDOCCHIA's late merits;  
 For all the trouble she had taken,

To comfort him, and raise his spirits;  
 Yet when he bade his wife adieu,

His jealousy broke out anew.

He left the Gardener instructed;

He was to watch and lie perdu,  
 To see how matters were conducted,

And to report upon a view:

68 ZACHARY'S TALE.

And after this the Knight departed,  
Sadly foreboding and faint-hearted.

His Lady knew, that time, like riches,  
Should be enjoy'd ;

Which are but lumber in one's breeches,  
When unemploy'd :

Her greatest happiness she ow'd  
To time judiciously bestow'd.

PAULINA was directed strait

The Coadjutor to secure ;  
He was that night to officiate

In ANGRAVALLE's vacant cure :  
Three morns, he serv'd the morning service,  
Three afternoons, afternoon function,  
Three nights, like any monk or dervise,  
He labour'd with great zeal and unction.

After such business and hurry,

It ever was my confident belief,  
That he was rather glad than sorry,

When ANGRAVALLE came to his relief ;  
Though the last night an accident fell out,  
That might alarm a man less stout.

Returning

Returning through the garden late,

He spy'd, within the avery,

The Gardener lying in wait

To perpetrate some knavery.

Although betray'd,

He knew his Cousin's parts too well

To be afraid

Of aught the Gardener could tell;

Nor ventur'd, in affairs so nice,

To interpose his own advice.

As to all salutary measures,

He trusted to that native wit,

Abounding in inventive treasures,

And inexhaustible as PITT.—

In State Affairs, if not in Letters,

NICENO may be an example,

When we give credit to our Betters,

To make it generous and ample.

BINDOCCHIA thus, upon the brink of ruin,

Smil'd at the mischief that was brewing.

She was peeping through her window-lattice

Just when she heard her Husband's rap;

Not as a rat is,  
A rat that's peeping through a trap;  
But as a cat is,  
A cat with a considering cap.  
Whilst he was knocking at the gate,  
BINDOCCHIA slyly descended;  
She knew the temper of her Mate,  
Enough to guess what he intended;  
Having, incog, upon occasions,  
Assisted at his consultations.  
The council-room was under-ground,  
Where he repair'd when he alighted:  
The bill against his Spouse was found—  
And the poor soul to be indicted;  
A trial was decreed,  
Proceedings settled and agreed.  
The Court broke up, all parties to their task  
'Till things should be reveal'd,  
BINDOCCHIA issu'd from an empty cask,  
Where she had lain conceal'd.  
Her Husband took a turn or two  
To smoothe the wrinkles on his brow—

Then

Then smiling, like a mind at ease,

He march'd up to his Lady's chamber,  
And found BINDOCCHIA on her knees

Before a crucifix of amber :

A situation,

That he beheld with indignation.

But he kept down his swelling bile,

Inform'd by sober reason,

That his revenge, delay'd awhile,

Would not be less in season ;

She neither mov'd her eye, nor her eye-brow,

'Till she had sung the Litany quite through.

Then rising with a chearful air,

So modest, and so unaffected,

That ANGRAVALLE well might stare,

When he consider'd and reflected.

However, with some perturbation,

He stammer'd this Oration.

I must return—this afternoon,

On bus'ness, that I can't neglect ;

To-morrow I will be here—soon ;

Sooner, perhaps,—than you expect.

I thought, if I did not appear,  
 Knowing how great your love and care is,  
 That you would certainly, my Dear,  
 Be full of fears and quandaries—  
 So I must instantly go back,  
 As soon as I have got a snack.  
 Whilst this same snack was getting ready,  
 PAULINA call'd upon her scholar,  
 A circumstance that kept him steady—  
 And help'd him to digest his choler.  
 His meal dispatch'd, he set out in an amble,  
 Full of his great and wise intentions.  
 BINDOCCHIA, in a short preamble,  
 Explain'd her doubts and apprehensions,  
 Laid open all her plans and schemes,  
 Her arguments and speculations,  
 Which were so far from being dreams,  
 PAULINA thought them revelations;  
 Her schemes, like Harlequinery,  
 Were all dumb shew and scenery;  
 The whole so artfully invented,  
 So free from all affected airs;

It

It must succeed, if represented

By any tolerable players.

PAULINA had a part assign'd,

In which her cousin knew she shin'd.

They were resolv'd to try the event,

And set about it with good-will,

Knowing, before the night was spent,

They might be forc'd to shew their skill—

Which made PAULINA hasten home,

To be prepar'd against the time to come.

PAULINA told the Gard'ner in the entry,

To mind her message, and take heed,

To leave his post where he was sentry,

And let his Lady know with speed,

That she had quite forgot to say,

The message he was to convey :—

That she had bus'ness in the town,

But she would send the fringe and lace,

Drawings and patterns for the gown,

By her own maid the Bolognoise.

BINDOECCHIA might keep her flattern,

Keep her all night, if she requir'd,

'Till

'Till she had drawn and done the pattern,  
 And the designs that she desir'd.  
 Tho' these were terms to him like Greek,  
 Yet he deliver'd his commission,  
 And did, as well as he could speak,  
 Deliver it with great precision.  
 And now as soon as it was night,  
 He lock'd the gates of the great court,  
 And introduc'd the jealous Knight  
 By a back way, or sally-port,  
 Within the av'ry, in ambuscade,  
 His Lord and Master watch'd and pray'd,  
 Being inform'd how matters went,  
 That none had enter'd since his going,  
 Except a wench PAULINA sent,  
 A wench to draw designs for sewing,  
 A Bolognoise with scarf and veil,  
 Twanging through the nose and snuffing,  
 As if she had been from head to tail  
 Loaded with a Naples stuffing.  
 The night was still, the moon was bright,  
 When he, in an ill-fated hour,  
 Discover'd

Discover'd plainly, by her light—

NICENO passing by his bow'r.

On which, with might and resolution,

He put his wrath in execution.

Our jealous Knight, in the first place,

Summoned all his wife's relations,

As witnessess of her disgrace,

And of his sufferings and patience;

Dragging along, with many others,

His Lady's father, and her brothers.

How did her brothers storm, her father weep !

When op'ning her room door, upon the bed,

They all beheld the Lovers fast asleep,

Upon her bosom lay NICENO's head.

But when they saw the Lovers rise,

How great their wonder ! what must they suppose ?

They hardly could believe their eyes,

Seeing PAULINA in NICENO's cloaths—

And here the injur'd wife began to hector,

Reading aloud the following lecture :—

His jealous fits were ev'ry hour,

Nay, ev'ry minute, growing stronger,

'Till he had put it past my pow'r

To bear his folly any longer.

Having observ'd the jealous fool

Following me when I was sick,

Every time I went to stool,

I own it touch'd me to the quick.

PAULINA's goodness and devotion

Were shock'd at my determination,

Insisting it was a rash notion,

Altho' she own'd the provocation ;

Advising me to club our wits,

To try to cure my Husband's fits.

Whilst ANGRAVALLE was away,

Indeed, I blush whilst I am speaking,

I spy'd the Gard'ner, where he lay,

Watching like a thief, and sneaking.

So, having found the thing I sought,

A key that turn'd the garden-lock,

I was transported with the thought

Of punishing my stupid block.

PAULINA, as she had often done,

Borrow'd her cousin's cloaths, and in the garden,

In order to complete our fun,

Appear'd before the Gardener, my warden.

My

My spouse, we did not doubt the least,  
 Would be inform'd, as we desir'd ;  
 We knew that the suspicious beast  
 With rage and vengeance would be fir'd.  
 His second trip, we judged, was to deceive ;  
 It happen'd just as we suppos'd :  
 And now I humbly do conceive,  
 He is sufficiently expos'd.—

This is the true and perfect history,  
 Of all this mystery :  
 And now I do insist, his temper such is,  
 To be deliver'd from his clutches.  
 Her Husband, conscious of her merit,  
 Acknowledg'd his transgressions ;  
 She spoke with so much force and spirit,  
 He promis'd before all the sessions,  
 If she would pardon what was past,  
 That this offence should be the last.  
 And, as a proof that his designs were good,  
 The Gard'ner should be discarded ;  
 She should chuse servants, and go where she would  
 Unguarded.  
 BINDOCCHIA consented,  
 And never afterwards repented.

PAULINA

78 ZACHARY'S TALE.

PAULINA to her maid retir'd,  
 Which maid was not according to the letter,  
 But in this fashion was attir'd,  
 On purpose to conceal NICEÑO better.  
 So well he acted, I'll engage,  
 That this NICEÑO might have play'd,  
 On any theatre or stage,  
 The snuffing Bologna maid.  
 PAULINA dress'd herself before she went,  
 Her maid had brought her cloaths for that intent.  
 People that I suspect for scoffers,  
 Pretend that whilst PAULINA was undressing,  
 NICEÑO made her handsome offers,  
 Which she could not refuse, he was so pressing.  
 They were together, 'tis confess'd,  
 Two hours before she could get dress'd.  
 However 'twas is undecided,  
 But as to him he was compleat,  
 In every circumstance provided,  
 And fit to serve a pious cheat ;  
 But, to be able to serve two,  
 Is more than I, perhaps or you can do.

**THE**  
**PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S**  
**AND THE**  
**STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.**

**A MANUSCRIPT,**  
**Found at CRAZY-CASTLE.**

**Supposed to be wrote about the Time of HENRY VIII.**

P R O L O G U E  
TO THE  
PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S  
AND THE  
STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

ONCE on a time, how many years ago,  
As I could nivr learn, you cannot know,  
A Member of the Parliment,  
And a Law-student, his relation,  
Rode out of town with no intent,  
Unless it was for recreation.  
Full fixty is the Member, and hath seen  
Many a famous King, and comely Queen.—

In yvery reign, in yvery age,  
He florish'd in prosperitie ;  
In the beginning was a Page,  
Now Privy-Counsellor is he.

His

His personage is grave and full of state,  
 Yielding him weight and vantage in debate;  
 But with a boon-companion gay and free;

No ceremony, no mysterious airs;  
 Just as a Privy-Counsellour should be,  
 If he had been a Page of the Back-stairs.

The Student's Father is in perfect health,  
 Thank God, and waxes daily strong in wealth;

Wants not his son to get a heap,

But just enough of Law,  
 To guard his own Estate, and keep

The neighbourhood in awe;

And I dare venture to maintain,

Herein his Father's hopes shall not be vain.

Allbeit, he doth not attend the Courts,  
 And redith none but GEOFFERY's Reports;

Yet PLOWDEN lying ever on the table,

Opin and spread,

He is counted full as able,

As if he had him in his head.

So, as I signify'd before, these two  
 Ride out of town, having nought else to do.

Six miles from town, this Member hath a box,

For contemplation good ;

Where he retires, as thoughtful as an ox

Chewing his cud.

He creeps into his box of stone,

Sometimes for pleasure, oftener for whim ;

Or when he is tir'd of every one,

~~X~~ Or ~~every~~ one is tir'd of him.

It is call'd a Box, and there's a reason why,

Because therein a man lies himself by.—

Within a box, if you your cloaths conceal,

The fashion and the worms conspire,

To make a suit, that was genteel,

Fit only for the Sheriff of a shire ;

But good enough for you,

If in your box you lie too long perdu.

When you come out again, 'twill be too late ;

You and your coat will both be out of date.—

Here then they 'light, and now suppose them dining ;

Suppose them also grumbling and repining ;

The bacon's fusty, and the fowls are tough ;

The mutton over-done, the fish not done enough ;

The

# PROLOGUE.

83

The cloth is drawn, the wine before them set ;

Wine, like themselves, entirely on the fret :

Muttering their prayers, exchanging looks askew,

Just like two rival beauties in a pew.

What might have happen'd no one can decide,

Had not, by fortune or design,

The Butler in the cellar spy'd

A hoard of admirable wine :

Bounce goes the cork ; sparkles the glass ;

Cousin, here's to your favourite las :

And here their purgatory ends ;

For after this

They enter into perfect blifs,

Drinking like perfect friends :

X Drinking, because drinking promoteth joaking ;

Joaking, without insulting or provoking.

The evening finishes with equal glory,

The worthy Counsellor proposing

To make a closing,

By telling each a merry story.

I have one fram'd, says he, in GEOFFRY's phrase ;

GEOFFRY's, the Courtiers' language of those days.

The Student likes the motion well ;  
 Says he, I'll answer you with one quite new—  
 My tale in courtly speech I cannot tell ;  
 But I can tell a merry tale, and true.

## THE

## PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

## TALE V.

**R**EIGNID in Yorkshire one of mity fame,  
*Clepid* King GRIG, as *Kronikels* proclaim;  
*Thilk* Prince delighted ay in mirth and sport,  
*Japis* and jollitries of yvery sort;  
 And now when pepil lough, and *rage*, and play,  
 Folk name them merry Grigs until this day.—  
 This King, I undirstond, hath *venimid* his *blud*;  
 Whereby he hath lost his *corage* and his *rud*;  
 Sore *sbent* is he by Cupid and his mother,  
 And woe-begone far more than any other.—

*Clepid*, called. *Thilk*, this same. *Japis*, jests. *Rage*, frolic.  
*Venimid* his *blud*, tainted. *Corage* and *his rud*, his strength, his spi-  
 rits, and complexion. *Sbent*, hurt.

86 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Kingis mother dere, Queen *Whityhight*.  
 Because her *heer*, allso her skin is white,  
 Is Queen of Cortesy, and Beautis Pride,  
 Gentil and modest as a maidin bride.  
 She sends to Potikers and *Leeches* grave,  
 Prays them to spare his life, and membris save;  
 Ne drogue ne instrument mote him avail;  
 His joints are losen'd, and his cheekis pale;  
 And he that *erst* would sing, and laugh, and jeer,  
 Hath not he smilid once in *haf* a year.

There is a Conjorer, a *sottil Wight*;  
 This Conjorer the Queen consults by night.  
 The Neekromanzir, according to his guise,  
 Casteth his figures, poreth on the skies,  
 And redith how to cure the Kingis woe;  
 His Grace until an heling-well shall go,  
 And bath his lims for fivin nights therein;  
 And fivin maidins, strippid to the skin,  
 Shall *frote* his body, 'till one, by her devise  
 And cunning touching, hele him in a trice.

*Hight*, called. *Heer*, hair. *Leeches*, phyicians. *Erst*, formerly.  
*Haf*, half. *Sottil wight*, a cunning fellow. *Frote*, rub.

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 87

Both King and Queen, you may be very sure,  
Are in great haste to set about the cure.  
Now is she setten forth in brave array,  
And with the *sely* King upon her way;  
*Yccompany'd* with Minstrels and *Japers*,  
Jugglers and Morrice-dancers, cutting capers;  
One time that thing which Ministers delite,  
Shall, in another season, breed dispite;  
For when the King is sad, it is ungracious thing  
If *everich-one* is merrier than the King.  
In this sort journeying, they come at last  
Unto the well, wherein the King him cast;  
His body chafid is, with special care,  
By fivin naked damfills passing fair.

The King hath view'd them well in every *piece*,  
Withouten splint, or malanders, or grease;  
Hard are their breastis, skin as smothe as glasse;  
Plomp be their bottoks, and as tight as brass;  
Smale are their feet; each feature, every limb,  
Lies in the fairest form, and sweetest trim.—

*Sely*, sick. *Yccompany'd*, accompany'd. *Japers*, Jesters. *Everich*, every. *Piece*, part.

# 88 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE:

The Queen examinid hath craftily  
 For Maidins of the best virginity;  
 None of these fivin hath spilt her maidins-hede,  
 As in these days moch reson was to drede.  
 Handlid and chafid with *sick daintyness*,  
*Wexid* the King to gather *lustyness*;  
 And *notabul* it is to *everich* eye,  
 How he is rais'd and cherished thereby.  
 The fivinth day they all are out of pain;  
 Symptome of helth appearid very plain;  
 Whereat the Queen rejoices as is need,  
 Honoring the Maidin who hath done the deid;  
 And yet when he returnid hath to Court,  
 The King *mote* not be pleas'd in any sort;  
 And all that Lords and Ladys can invent,  
 Shall but encrease the Kingis discontent;  
 Wherfor the dutyfull Queen hieth her,  
 And counselleth again the Conjorer.

He spieth, in his secret *Boke of Magic*,  
 How the same Maidins *mote* him *rectifie*;

*Sik*, such. *Daintyness*, elegance. *Lustyness*, strength, health, &c.  
*Notabul*, plain. *Everich*, every. *Mote*, might. *Boke of Magic*,  
 Conjuring-book. *Mote*, might. *Rectifie*, set him to rights.

And

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 89

And yvery buxom Maid shall speke a tale,  
And yvery Maid to make him lough affail;  
And she that makes him lough shall thence be led,  
And have the Kingis company in bed;  
In bed, or any other pleasant place,  
Wherever it shall please the Kingis Grace.  
And lo the Queen these joyful tidings bears  
To Chappil, where the Maidins are at prayers.—  
Away the Maidins hurry them from Matins,  
Apparrelling themselves in silks and sattins;  
And all the fivin Damzils, out of hand,  
Are set before the King at his command.—  
He doth ordain each Maid to speke by lot;  
Allso, because ne word shall be forgot,  
A Scribe is there to notice all they say.—  
And now six Maids have talk'd for haf a day;  
And yet, for all the talking they can make,  
They scarce can keep the Kingis Grace awake.  
Then came the fivinth Maidin in degree,  
But cannot speke her tale for modesty.

My tale, saies she, I wold begin, but fear  
A word unseemly to a modest ear;

My

90 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

My tale without this word cannot be told,  
And to deliver it I am not bold.—

What means the Maidin? quoth the King *in ire*,  
You may *glaze* any word, if you *enquire*:

I am no *Clerk*, saies she, her Grace well knows,  
Pleasith you, Sir, may teach me how to *glaze*;

Bot I will trie to do the best I may,  
That you may better frame what I would say.—

Of all God's creatures its the choicest fare,  
Yet he that has the least, has the best share.

I shall not graunt your prayer, the King reply'd,  
Riddils are derk; and Paraphrase is wide:

Bot well I know the Latin and the Dutch,  
Of Fraunce and Tuscany I have a touch:

Now, any of these tongues, if you're enclin'd,  
Fair Maid, may seem to shape what you would find.

Dutch, quoth the Queen, my son, the maid demands,  
It is a tongue no Christian undirstands.

Well, quoth the King, fair Maid, this dredefull name,  
That werkith in you so much strife and shame,

*In ire*, in a passion. *Enquire*, study. *Clerk*, scholar. *Glaze*, to  
wrap up enigmatically.

Pronounce

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 91

Pronounce they Fotz throughout all Germany;

Now you may speke your story *hardily*.—

Sir, quoth the buxom Maid, upon a time,

A jolly Knight there was in all his prime,

Soot were his eyes, and manly was his face,

Lusty his limbs, his body in good case;

A piercing and a pleasant wit withall,

Ne vice had he, but that *his means* were small;

Here the king turning, doth the Scribe beseech,

To lose no word, nor sentence of her speech.

Upon a *joyful tide*, the King of Kent

Proclamid hath, a noble turnament,

There yvery Knight enforced is to be;

Unless he will be *held of villanie*;

Our Knight, Sir AMADOR the debonaire,

Mote thither with his Squire and steed repair:

And having traveled five days *anend*,

The Knight and Squire unto a meadow *wend*,

Ynamilid with pinks and cowslips gay,

Thro' which a rivir glides as bright as summir-day.

*Hardily*, boldly. *Soot*, sweet. *Means*, Fortune, Estate. *Joyful Tide*, Time of Festivity. *Held of Villanie*, degraded and reduc'd to the condition of a Vassal. *Anend* strait forwards. *Wend*, arriv'd.

Upon

92 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE

Upon the banks grows many a beechin tree;  
 And many a spreding oak most fair to see;  
 There they espied in the cristal lake,  
 Three nakid damzills of an heavenly make;  
 Their *wimples* and their gowns of *broudid* silk,  
 Ywrought with gold, their smokkis white as milk,  
 And all their costly garments were display'd  
 Undir an aged oak's ynticing shade.

Behold the Knightis color changeth hue,  
 At sight so unexpected and so new;  
 Not that Acteon's hap ydraddid he,  
 Worried belike for *sik* audacity.  
 The Knight he blosh'd, because he *thote* within,  
 Such nakidness shall make a faint to sin.—  
 Gazeth Sir AMADOR with all his mite,  
 Tasteth thereof the 'Squire but brief delite,  
 For being more ynclined unto prey,  
 Stealid their smokkis and their robes away.  
 The Maidens noted the unworthy Swain,  
 And calling to the Knight, declare their pain;

*Wimples*, Neck-kerchiefs. *Broudid*, embroider'd. *Ydraddid*,  
 fear'd. *Sik*, the like. *Thote*, thought.

Soon

Soon the ynragid Knight arrests the Squire,  
And turnith to the Maids with their attire,  
Making excuses, he could do no less,  
For his intrusion on their nakidness,  
And with profound respect and reverence,  
Saluting each by turns he bears him hence.

He is hardly gone, before they all agree,  
They should have done the Knight some cortesy ;  
And call him back ; the eldest Sufter spoke,  
Sir, we be Fairys living by this *broke*,  
And *sikirly* unfit it is for us,  
That have such power, to be discourteous ;  
Wherfore some tokins at our hands receive,  
And for myself, this token will I leave :  
Wymen to pleasure you shall ever strive  
In any land, so long as you're alive ;  
And you shall nivir fail in wymen's pleasure,  
And when you please, shall please them without  
measure.

The second Fairy faith, Sir Knight, my token  
Is of a nature wondros to be spokin.—

*Broke*, brook.

*Sikirly*, certainly.

And

94 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

And now the Damzill's tale cannot proceed;  
 Her face, as any burning coal, is rede.  
 Quoth then the King, divining sottely,  
 The word you seek, is Fotz, assuredly:  
 True, saies the Maid; and so the Fairy saith,  
 That whosoever Fotz he questioneth,  
 Shall make an answer, or if none she gives,  
 The Fotz shall fare the worse for't whilst she lives.

My Suster, quoth the third, under correction,  
 Your token's good, but lacketh of perfection,  
 The Fotz may be, by accidental cause,  
 So busy that she cannot move her jaws;

Whenever this doth happen, I intend  
 Her next door neighbour answer for her friend.—

The King no longer can refrain from laughter,  
 Also the Queen herself him follows after.

I will reward you well for this anon;

Mean time, quoth he, my pritty Maid, go on.

The Knight *ne yvir* having seen a *fay*,

Thinketh they *japen* him in that they say—

*Ne yvir*, never. *Fay*, Fairy. *Japen*, banter.

He

He overtakes the Squire, and on they ride,  
 Discourfing on the Fairys, fide by fide ;  
 Happened a *Freer* of a neighboring abbey,  
 Rideth abroad in gallant pomp that day,  
 Mounted he is upon a dapple mare,  
 And loketh altogether void of care ;  
 Rosy his cheeks, a twinkling hazle eye,  
 He seemid Patriarke of Venerie ;  
 Or Pontif of renowned *Baal-Peor* ;  
 Certes you shall not oft meet such a *Freer*.

*Freer*, Friar. *Baal-Peor*, or *Baal-Phegor*, from whence, perhaps, *Pego*, and the adjunct *Βαλλον*, whose priests are opprobriously called *Βαλλους*, or *Followers of Baal-Peor* ; who, according to Dr. Middleton, was a god of the Moabites, the same with *Priapus*. (See *Germana quædam monumenta*, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, S. T. P. in Quarto, page 65, with two monuments elegantly engraved of *Βαλλον-πεγω*.) The Doctor says, from the authority of the Fathers, that he was the hobby-horse of the women of Israel, page 69.—That the new-married women had an *Idolum Tenuiginis*, which our language is incapable of rendering; and, that they not only took great delight in getting astride of this idol, but they were enjoined to do so as a religious ceremony. The Doctor has given a description of one of these idols, which he has had the good fortune to see at Rome. As our Ladies are not under any obligation to practise all the ceremonies of the Ladies of Israel, I am less concerned at my want of erudition to explain to them sufficiently the meaning of several of the Doctor's terms.

96 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Knight accosteth him, noteth the beast,  
 The dapple mare that bears the stately priest;  
 Fotz, saies the Knight, I question thee to say,  
 Whither thy master hieth him this way?  
 Finding she needs must answer him par force,  
 Distinctly answers Fotz, tho' somewhat hoarse,  
 What you require I will deliver brief:  
 My master is *avowterer* and thief;  
 He hath robb'd the sacresty of churches plate,  
 And to his *lemman* beareth it in state.—

The idol's head is like the head of a cock, but instead of a beak, is a stupendous *Fascinum*: upon the base is inscribed, ΕΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΙΜΟΥ, *the Saviour of the World*.

I cannot believe (however respectable the authority) that the children of the Roman nobility wore the *Fascinum* about their necks: I do not mean that it is an unbecoming ornament; one may be easily convinced of the contrary, by casting an eye upon the two belonging to the Doctor and his friend Dr. Warren, with which, as I said before, he has obliged the Public, in his *Genuine Antiquities*; but, considering the ingenuity of the Romans, why might not their *Fascinum* be the same, and for the same purpose, as that of the Chinese?—If the Doctor had seen those of Mrs. Chenivix, he certainly would have been of another opinion. But, what is the most remarkable of all, is, that in the Chinese language *Διδω* signifies a *charm*. A convincing argument of the weakness of an hypothesis, supported only by the etymology of words.

*Avowterer*, adulterer.

*Lemman*, mistress.

The Priest, astony'd such a voice to find,  
Believeth Sathanas is there behind ;  
Descendeth from the mare, voweth repentaunce,  
Leaving the Knight talking with new acquaintance ;  
The Priest is lame, and no great hast can make ;  
He waddles like a duck eftir a drake.

Fotz, quoth the Knight, pray tell me as we go,  
What is it makes the Freer waddil so ?

Sir, quoth the Fotz, about a year ago,  
Our Abbot and my Master, Freer JOHN,  
Discourfing, riding round the Abbot's Perk,  
Of leachery and prankis in the derk ;  
The Abbot softly *rounith* brother JOHN,  
All fauncies have I *proven* everich one,  
Whereby a man may find the greatest joy,  
The pleasantest his talent to employ—  
Yet thereto, though I oft have been inclin'd,  
Have not I yvir practic'd *out of kind*.  
Nor I, says Freer JOHN, I do declare ;  
Trie we then, says the Abbot, with the mare :

*Rounith*, whispers.    *Proven*, tried.    *Out of kind*, unnaturally.

H

But

98 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

But reason giveth property the place,  
Wherefor thyself shalt have the first embrace.  
Freer consents, and, for his evil deeds,  
Ungirds the cords whereon he strings the beads;  
Bindeth therewith mine hinder leggis twain,  
Holdeth me fast the Abbot by the rein;  
And letting go his steed, he praunceth by,  
And with a kick lamid the Freer's thigh;  
Else had I been, upon my corp'ral oath,  
Ravyshed by a Freer and Abbot both.

Now forward Knight and strange companion  
trots,

Laughing the Knight, and communing with Fotz;  
Upon a hill not far they do descry  
A cassil fair, with *towris* broad and high;  
Shaped their course unto the cassil strait;  
Opin'd the Porter hath the cassil-gate.  
The Seneschal hath led the Squire and Knight  
Through goodly chambris curiously *bedight*,  
Unto an hall hung round with tapestry,  
Of PHAROH's host, *drenchid* in the Rede Sea;

*Towris*, towers.      *Drenchid*, drowned.

There

There at their supper sit the Gouvernante,  
 Or Lady of the Cassil, and her Ant ;  
 This Lady is a Wedo fresh and young  
 And frolikesome, and hath a merry *tong*—  
 And looks so kind, and sings such lovesome strains,  
 No marvel that her Lord hath *braſt* his reins.  
 Welcome, Sir Knight, saies she, unto my board,  
 I have not seen a Nobler since my Lord.  
 The Knight and 'Squire sit them down to eat,  
 The board is cover'd with all kind of meat ;  
 Rich wines the pages pour in christal glaſs,  
 And many a choice conceit and laugh doth pass.  
 The hour is late ; tarrieth the Aunt for spite,  
 Rifeth the Lady— wisheth a good night.  
 The Knight in bed *ay* thinketh on his host,  
 Sleep hath he none, for wantonness of ghost.  
 This bounteous Wedo gives her maids a call,  
 Chusing the best and fairest of them all ;  
 Biddeth her go unto the Knight, and say,  
 She comes to solace him 'till it is day ;

*Tong*, tongue. *Braſt*, broke. *ay*, always.

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 101  
100 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

And that her Lady bids her say in bed,  
How much she wishes she was in her stead :  
Bot may not have the opportunity,  
Because, for spite, the Aunt with her doth lie.  
The maidin flies ; her heart with gladnels beats,  
Strippith, and creepith in between the sheets.  
Turnith the Knight unto the maidin gent,  
And both do pass the time with moch content—  
And aftir they have ragid to the full,  
Strokid the Knight, and givith Fotz a pull,  
And saith, little Fotz, tellith me true,  
Be you aggriev'd with that I have done at you.—  
As I am a Christian Fotz, replied she,  
I nivr pass'd a night with so much glee.—  
Up sterts the Maidin, runnith in dismay,  
Into the room next that her Lady lay,  
And finds her Lady up, and sitting there,  
Musing and pond'ring in an elbow-chair.  
Yon Knight, quoth she, 's a witch, or something  
badder,  
He conjur'd hath the Devil in my bladder ;  
—

Talk

H 3

After

After he did me twenty times and more,  
 Oftner than ever I was done before,  
 He pulleth Fotz, and of its own accord,  
 Spekid the mouth that nivr utters word.—  
 Child, quoth the Lady, set your mind at ease,  
 Most of us all have had the like disease,  
 Working nights at soch a grievous rate,  
 Lozens the Fotz's tongue, and makes it prate.  
 The Lady thinks to humour her is best,  
 She deems her head is light for want of rest.—  
 Yes, saies the Maid, they have tongis without doubt,  
 I have seen Fotzes tongis hanging out.  
 Go get to rest, replies the Lady bright,  
 A little sleep will set your matters right.  
 The Maidin goes, the Lady at the dore  
 Harkneth, and stealeth to Sir AMADORE;  
 Sir Knight, quoth she, it is not very civil,  
 To give my Maidin's Fotz unto the Devil:  
 Fotz is no chamber for so mean a groom,  
 He might have been content with a worse room.  
 I use no fiend, quoth he, but have a skill,  
 To make what Fotz I please talk, when I will.—

## 102 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE

Talk ! saies the Lady, I engage this ring,  
 You neither make it talk, whyffel, nor sing.—  
 Out flew the Knight, most terribly array'd,  
 At sight whereof the Dame was nought afraid.—  
 Upon the bed the Lady hath he pitch'd,  
 And there she lay, as if she was bewitch'd;  
 And after many pleasaunt fauncies there,  
 Breethed the Knight awhile, to take the air;  
 And whispering the Fotz, holding his nose,  
 Biddith my Lady Fotz tell all she knows.  
 Gapid the Fotz, and gabbill'd far and wide,  
 Telling soch things, the Wedo swore she lied.  
 I yield, saies she—you are a skilful youth;  
 I yield, if you will stop that lyar's mouth.—  
 'Tis mighty well, saies he, we soon shall trie  
 Whether my Lady Fotz has learnt to lie—  
 And thrusting into Fotz's mouth a gag,  
 Her next door neighbour's tong began to wag.  
 Saies she, in a crack'd voice, like one you feign,  
 All that Fotz sayth I am ready to maintain.  
 Enough, the Lady saith, Sir Knight, have done,  
 Here, take the ring, I own 'tis fairly won;

And

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 103

And since you are a Knight of so great power,  
Freely I offer both myself and dower;  
And certes one was made for t'other's sake—  
For you can give no more than I can take.

The fabul's finished, the King is *hele*,  
The Damzill is contented yvery deal;  
And GRIG had sons, and they had many heirs,  
And they were all like GRIG, all free from cares;  
Their hearts would niyir sink no more than cork,  
And tho' no Kings, they still are Dukes of York.

*Hele, whole recovered.*

He hath heard his Onkell say there is no vice

He mote etchew like Harlowe and Dice;

Harlowe make men witt to get an heir;

# STUDENT of LAW'S TALE;

And Dice continue all that the Harlowe spare.

This Onkell is a Scrivener in the Strand,

O R

Is rich, and lendeth money upon loan.

The CURE for SYMPATHY

And trusht not to possibility.

## TALE VI.

For he will see Emanuel before he builds the house at Edmonton.

**S**IGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate, you may find.  
The sign is emblem of the owner's mind.

EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,

A Mercer, with an yvir smiling-face,

Speking so soft, and pityfull, and meek,

It seems he rather bleateth than doth speke;

All pepil that do pass he humbly greets,

Nay, when the wanton stops him in the streets,

Tho' he doth most abhor the harlot's waies,

That she will let him go, he softly praies;

Altho' she holds him fast he will not swear,

But, yvir-smiling, doth intreat her fair.—

And

He

THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE; &c. 105

He hath heard his Onkil say there is ne vice

He mote eschew like Harlotry and Dice;

Harlots make men unfit to get an heir,

And Dice consume all that the Harlots spare.

This Onkil is a Scriv'nir in the Strond,

Is rich, and lendeth money upon lond,

A batchellor, and old, and dredeful fly,

And trustith not to possibillity :

For he will see EMANUEL have a son,

Before he builds the house at Edmonton,

With golden letters wrote upon the wall,

Advising folk to name it Cooper-hall.

The way EMANUEL toke to get a wife,

Is subject of this Tale, and best of all his life.

EMANUEL hath near served out his years,

Having ne vice at all the Onkil fears;

Ne cause the Onkil hath to be afraid,

Vice hath he none, but craftyness of trade.

And now above a month his mastir's gone

To drink the rede cow's milk at Yllington,

And yvery day they loke for him to die

Of a Consomption and the Lipprosie.

H

And

106 THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE; OR,

And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,  
 He leaveth him alone to buy and sell.  
 His Dame was brought up high, and knows not  
 trade,  
 To an Earl's Countess was she waiting-maid;  
 Posys for rings contrives, and rhimes indites,  
 And can discourse either with Squires or Knights,  
 Having quaint terms, and phrases to propound,  
 Which those that dwell by Poul's cannot expound.  
 But she hath long been very sick, and vows  
 How she hath got the sickness of her Spouse;  
 Her Husband's kindred also do proclaim,  
 How he hath got the sickness of the Dame;  
 That she hath secret drogues, and but pretends  
 To use the drogues her Husband's doctor sends:  
 And so by following another course,  
 She is grown better, and the Husband worse.  
 His Doctor says, that she is whole and pure,  
 And doubteth not that he hath done the cure:  
 Her Spouse will not be cur'd, the Doctor sees,  
 Because of complication of disease.

Doctor

Doctor and ISABELL maintain it still,  
That ISABELL was smit by RICHARD's ill;  
RICHARD rejoices she hath gained helth,  
Maketh his will, and leaveth her his welth.

ISABELL's eye hath notic'd many a time,  
EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime,  
And hath delighted, many a time, to see  
Such perfect maiden-like simplicitie.  
One evening in her chamber she will sup,  
And bids the Maid to call EMANUEL up;  
Bloshing, and hanging down his heade, he comes,  
Sitting him down, and loking at his thumbs.—  
Upon the bed by her she makes him sit,  
And helpeth him to yvery dainty bit;  
Come, saies the Dame, filling a cup quite up,  
Take off this wine, I will not bate a sup:  
Unto my Mastir's helth, quoth he, and drinks it  
dry;  
Lord take his soul, saies she, and falls to cry,  
Name him no more, for it will break my heart,  
The Doctor saies, that he shall soon depart,

And

And also saies, that when my Spouse is slain,  
 I shall not after him long time remain:  
 For mercy's sake, I will with him long time  
 By sympathy his malady I have,  
 And sympathy shall join us in the grave:  
 The remedy for sympathy is sure;  
 I feel but my heart, and you but my hand,  
 Put in your hand, and I will endure.  
 Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he spoke,  
 Your case would pierce a heart, if it was looke;  
 But if you slay the life that you may spare,  
 It is a sin as deadly as despair.  
 You speake devout, quoth she, but Heav'n's a friend  
 To all that mean no ill, when they offend.  
 Quoth he, that is but *folly*, I fear,  
 For where the law is plain, the fault is clear:  
 Is it not written, that you shall not kill?  
 Therefore the crime is both in deed and will.  
 I do confesse, quoth she, stroaking her ring,  
 Deep is the judgment of your reasoning.  
 Besides, saies he, my Master may mend yet  
 With that at once she falls into a fit.

In that I am contented well, quoth she,  
 Could I but take the liberty, I should say

THE CURE FOR SYMPATHY. 109

Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and saies, I'll be A  
For mercy's sake, EMANUEL, cut my staies. I shall I  
EMANUEL takes a knife and cuts the string, my B  
And ISABELL about his waist doth cling, my A  
Feel but my heart, saies she, how it doth beat, T  
Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, T weets, B  
In sooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap, Quoth  
The maid had best come up: I'll give a rap, Y  
No, no, quoth she, I thank you for your love, B  
Sit down upon the bed, you shall not move; I is a  
Pity for me, hath wrought in your distress, Y  
Another cup will cure your hevyness. T  
The wine, to make it richer cordial, Quoth he,  
Mingled the Dame Cantharides withall; For where  
EMANUEL drinks it up, the wine is choice, I is it  
Wipeth his mouth, and cleareth up his voice: T  
Madam, quoth he, if Heaven doth intend I  
To take away my Master, and my friend, Deep is  
The byfness of the shop I'll undertake; Besides,  
Both for your own, and for my Master's sake, W  
In that I am contented well, quoth she,  
Could I but take the Cure for Sympathy:

110 THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE; OR,

It is a filthy Cure—EMANUEL, mark;

You may suppose yourself to be the spark:

Take a young spark, it says, and let him be

A maid and modest, not past twenty-three:—

From twenty-three shall he begin to count,

And do the deed, 'till he to thirty mount;

And he must secret swear; and also both

Shall bind their member with a fearfull oath,

That neither he nor she shall find delite,

But do the act as if it was for spite.

Quoth then EMANUEL, stiff as any stake,

For now the wine hath made him quite awake,

As to the maiden-term am not afraid;

As Bleffid MARY, am I very maid:

I am but three and twenty yesterday;

But for the oath I know not what to say;

I am content myself it so should be,

If that the members also will agree.

That's in your power, saies she, there is no doubt,

If you'll not think of what you are about;

You must continue, when you are occupy'd,

To think of any other thing beside.

THE CURE FOR SYMPATHY. III

For instance; when you are arrived there,  
Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare—  
And we need never feel, nor know no more  
Than doth the shuttle-cock and battle-dore;  
Without more words, this treaty shall have force,  
And all the rest are only forms of course.  
Leave we the parties interchangeably,  
To take the solemn oath, and ratify.  
They both went on, thinking and nothing saying,  
'Till the last payment of the sum was paying;  
And then EMANUEL cried out, I find  
I cannot keep the hare within my mind;  
When once you fall a spinning like a top,  
Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop.—  
Go on, you fool, saies she, What makes you stop.  
The sum is paid, yet still in bed they lay;  
Her Sympathy is not quite sweat away:  
Up stairs the maiden comes, raps at the dore,  
Shouting, my Mastir's dede for yvirmore;  
His man from Yllington doth say, below,  
That he went off as any child shall go.

Shout

112 THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE; OR,

Shout not, the Dame replies, I understand,  
Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand.

Run to the Undertaker of our street;

I fear me RICHARD will not long keep sweet:

I go, quoth she, EMANUEL, this day,

Too far for health to lose it in the way:

And as it needs must be provoking pain

To run this race of penitence again,

And as—your three and twentieth year is out,

It is but safe to take another bout:

If this had been but a pretence or trick,

She mote have pleaded false Arithmetick;

But, as she fairly own'd the whole receipt,

It's evident she had no design to cheat;

And so EMANUEL, after some pause,

Mended the bill, and put in a new clause.—

I will not paint the dismal funeral,

The Wedo's lamentations tragical;

Whoso delighteth to depicture woe

Richly deserveth wretchedness allso:

Yet can I not describe, without a sigh,

The penalties that wait on perjury.

EMANUEL

EMANUEL is foresworn; it is his doom  
 To languish with one foot within the tomb:  
 For three whole moons in raging pain he lay—  
 The fourth the perjur'd limb is snatch'd away—  
 Heaven is appeas'd at last, EMANUEL sound,  
 And for so small a loss glad to compound.  
 What great Philosophers observe is true,  
 Although a Member will not grow anew;  
 Yet, notwithstanding this, the member brother  
 Fares better for the absence of the other;  
 For, when they go together in a pair,  
 The next surviving brother is the heir;  
 But if they're single, and the right not plain,  
 The benefit devolves upon the brain;  
 And thus EMANUEL, having need of it,  
 Receives a pritty legacy in wit:  
 He gives the Potiker and Surgeon fee  
 To keep the loss of Member secrecy.

No longer to the Change EMANUEL resorts,  
 He is allwaies at the Stews and Inns of Courts;  
 He drinks and beats the Watch, lies out anights,  
 Living with Lawyers Clerks and wicked Wights.—

114 THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE, OR,

In greatest grief is interval of ease;  
 One day the Wedoe seizeth one of these,  
 Calleth EMANUEL, sheweth plain the case,  
 How, from the lewdness of his last embrace,  
 It happens that she is not healid quite—  
 Trie to be more compos'd, saies she to-night,  
 Compos'd! EMANUEL saith, it cannot be;  
 With you I needs must feel felicitie.  
 To do an act like this from generous sense,  
 Without desire, is true benevolence:  
 Benevolence belongs to marry'd life;  
 'Tis what the Law bestows upon a Wife.  
 Benevolence, for Lawyers various speak,  
 Some say is once a month, some once a week;  
 However, from the whole, it doth appear,  
 One should not put it off beyond the year.  
 I own there is another sentiment,  
 That once in a whole life-time is sufficient.  
 Benevolence, say these puzzlers and confounders,  
 Is just the same as riding of the bounders.  
 EMANUEL, quoth she, I cannot guess,  
 Whether your Modesty or Wit is less;  
 Wit,

**THE CURE FOR SYMPATHY. 115**

Wit, in a Mercer, is both sin and shame;  
Return it to the stews, from whence it came.—  
I value not, quoth he, your wipes a straw—  
I find great use in studying of the Law:  
And now observe—To all and singular,  
EMANUEL COOPER hereby doth declare,  
By virtue of Recovery and Surrender,  
It is agreed between him and his Member,  
That he, the said EMANUEL, shall direct,  
And, for the future, shew him no respect;  
And he, the said EMANUEL, doth disclaim  
All further sinfull knowledge of his Dame,  
In any fashion, or in any place,  
At any time, or upon any case:  
Provided, and it is hereby agreed,  
If he and she to marrying accede,  
This shall by no means hinder the good man,  
Then and at all times, to perform the best he can.—  
This crafty Covenant between these twain,  
Hath made the Wedo think'till thinking's vain;  
And finding now no hope on other score,  
Resolves at once, and doubteth niver more—

# 116 THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE, &c.

Calleth her friends, maketh for life the lease,  
 And sleepeth with EMANUEL in peace;  
 And, to compleat his and the Onkil's joy,  
 Bringeth him once a year a curios boy;  
 And now the Onkil's dead, and they have all  
 And keep their Christenmas at Cowper-hall.

[ 117 ]

THE STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE,  
 P \* \* T Y S T A L E,  
 And the death with E M A N U E L in peace;  
 And, to complete the O R T H E  
 C A V A L I E R N U N.

*Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,  
 Et quo sed faciles nymphae risere sacello.*

T A L E VII.

**B**OTH high and low ! simple and wise !  
 Agree in making a great bustle,  
 About a certain pair of eyes,  
 Belonging to the House of R — L.  
 Though not so awful and discreet,  
 There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,  
 Far more compassionately sweet,  
 Than Lady CAROLINA R — L's.  
 Her eyes are like those swords of fire,  
 The flaming swords to Angels given,  
 By which impure and rash desire  
 From the forbidden fruit are driven.

Far other eyes are those I mean,  
 I speak of an inviting pair,  
 The property of frail eighteen,  
 A Nun as amorous as fair.  
 Impassion'd eyes, fit for a Nun;  
 Eyes that love lights and VENUS shapes;  
 Eyes like the gilding of the sun,  
 Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes.  
 The Lady Abbess was her Aunt,  
 And, as they lay in the same cell,  
 The Abbess was so complaisant,  
 She pass'd her time exceeding well.  
 She had the privilege alone  
 Of running in the convent-ground,  
 Surrounded by high walls of stone,  
 Just like a filly in a pound.  
 Within this close were shady trees,  
 And there an Oratory stood;  
 A Chapel of delight and ease,  
 When folks delight in doing good.  
 After her matines and her complines,  
 Here she spent many pleasant hours;

Instead

Instead of making cakes and dumplings,  
 Purfes and artificial flowers.  
 'Twas a delightful life she led,  
 Here every day she met her monk,  
 Unless he was confin'd in bed,  
 Which was the case when he was drunk.  
 One day within this Oratory,  
 As she was with her Monk in chat,  
 Instead of being solitary,  
 And melancholy as a cat ;  
 Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,  
 In which they neither were to seek,  
 Tricks that Love teaches in a trice,  
 Better than studying a week ;  
 In gibberish, and playful cant,  
 Father, says she, pulling him down,  
 I've a great mind to turn gallant,  
 And give your Reverence a green gown :  
 And, like my Aunt, I'll make you mad,  
 As mad as King NEBUCHADNAZOR,  
 When she transforms you to a pad,  
 As he was turn'd into a grazer.

For all your stiffness and your pride,  
With whip and spur, I'll make you run ;

To which the humbled Monk reply'd,  
Spouse of the Lord, thy will be done.

Her pad, as sturdy as a Miller's,  
She taught to rear, curvet, and prance,

Make graceful caprioles, and dance,

As if he was between the pillars.

The Monk cry'd out, My Lady Abbess!

My Lady Abbess! without cease,

Your ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all your paths are joy and peace.

This whole Tale is comprized in a single Monkish distich, which the Author has, with infinite delight, often heard repeated by the person whose name this Tale bears. As the Tale is entirely taken from that hint, his worthy friend has the best title to it.

*In viridi prato Monialem ludere vidi*

*Cum Monacho leviter, ille sub illa super*

ARSINOE:

For all your stiffness and your pride,  
With me I make you free;  
A R S I N O E.

Or, PASSION OVERSTRAINED.

Old H E W E T's Tale;

A celebrated humorist, well known in the great and little world, and all the world over. He was a great friend of the owner, and had a great love for Crazy Castle: the place and the company he was sure to meet there, were perfectly suited to his humour and turn of thinking. He died at *Florence*, and the following epitaph, which was made in his life-time, he ordered to be put upon his grave-stone. It was wrote by one of his *Italian* companions, an *abbaté*, in Monkish Latin.

E P I T A P H.

CESPITE tectus, arca vili  
Superbis inimicus Cippis

Tiberis omnibus et Nili

Notus tonsoribus et lippis,

Romæ Romanus, Mundi Civis,

Qui Turcas inter, Turca fuit,

Et qualis quisquis, Talis cuivis,

Hic jacet GULIELMUS HEWET,

Navibus,

Navibus, Bigis, Comes patiens,  
 Hilaris, et plenus falis,  
 Jucundus, pedes iter factens,  
 Et pro Vehiculo Sodalis  
 Viris principibus, Solutus  
 Dictenis, carus inter vina,  
 Nec Infimis, Vappâ prolutus  
 Immundâ, minus in popinâ.  
 Sit ubi velis, Est beatus,  
 Sit infra, supra vel sublimis,  
 Hospes quocunque Loco gratus  
 Deorum Superis et imis.

## T R A N S L A T E D .

COVER'D with turf, in a vile chest,  
 Old HEWET lies amongst the dead,  
 Just as well off as those that rest  
 With piles of marble o'er their head,  
 On Arno, Tiber, and the Rhone,  
 To every Vettorino known.  
 At Rome, in Roman manners vers'd,  
 He walk'd with publicans and sinners,  
 And churchmen keen, that hunger and thirst,  
 For want of news and want of dinners.—

In

In Turkey HEWET was a Turk :  
 Like ARISTIPPUS or SAINT PAUL,  
 He went the shortest way to work,  
 And made himself all things to all,  
 He could the traveller's hours beguile  
 In Trac-Schuts creeping in the dark,  
 Or dragg'd through sloughs of many a mile  
 In tumbrils huge, like Noah's ark.  
 On foot, as good with strollers strolling,  
 As a machine to laugh and roll in,  
 A guest delightful to the great,  
 The great in virtue as in sin,  
 And as well pleas'd, nor less a treat,  
 At a gargotte or carrier's inn.  
 Let not his friends therefore be griev'd ;  
 He's happy, that's enough to know,  
 Sure to be always well receiv'd,  
 Either above stairs or below.  
 A welcome inmate, with his merits,  
 Either to good or wicked spirits.

ARSINOE:

A R S I N O E.

OLD HEWET'S Tale.

TALE VIII.

**I**T is not only love you'll find,  
You must not mind what poets say,

All our strong passions are as blind,

Our weakest scarce can see their way.

A tale will tell you what I mean:

Enter ARSINOE, the queen.

Her favourite son, a puny chick,

Once on a time, was taken sick.

Doctors were sent for into Greece,

A humour seiz'd upon his bum,

He might at least have dy'd in peace,

If these Greek Doctors had not come.

After they had given him the question,

With every kind of racking pain,

After they had burnt and cut Hephestion,

And burnt and cut him o'er again,

At

At last, the Doctors let him go,  
 And left the Queen in frantic woe.  
 Her eyes were fix'd, her talk was wild,

Like NROBE, she stood amazed;  
 She wonder'd death durst strike her child,  
 And all her people thought her crazed.

For she had seven sons beside;  
 The worst of all was he that dy'd.  
 Ten thousand workmen were employ'd,

For twenty years, I do suppose,  
 To give his corpse a royal dwelling;  
 Ten thousand oxen were destroy'd,

Each day to feast her darling's nose,  
 As all his pleasure lay'd in smelling.  
 Her courtiers, to preserve their places,

Forgot to shew their teeth and smile;  
 They came with undertakers faces,  
 And adulation new and vile.

Just such a court, for cant and snivel,  
 As when priest-ridden LEWIS doated,  
 Frighten'd with stories of the devil,

MAINTENON'D, be-petticoated,

Marry'd his nurse; and, what was worse,  
 The devil always in his head;  
 He durst not lie without his nurse,  
 And always piss'd his nurse's bed;  
 Physic had done the worst it could,  
 At length philosophy was brought;  
 A Brachman cry'd, I have a thought  
 May do your Majesty much good.  
 The Queen afforded him her ear,  
 And he proceeded as you'll hear.—  
 The Gods, dispers'd through various nations,  
 Were summon'd, by Jove's bounteous call;  
 Beyond their hopes and expectations,  
 The Gods were portion'd, great and small,  
 With riches, power, the gift of healing,  
 The art of war, and art of stealing;  
 The scientific art of drinking,  
 The art of music and of metre,  
 The art of living without thinking,  
 An art in my opinion sweeter;  
 The art of pleasing, the compleatest,  
 The art of love, by far the sweetest.

Amongst

Amongst the Gods assembled then,  
 Dame Sorrow was not to be found;  
 Sorrow was fretting in some den,  
 Or lying sulky under ground.  
 Whether or no he did not care,  
 Or out of sight she slipp'd his mind,  
 Sorrow got nothing for her share,  
 In any shape, of any kind.  
 At last, however, with her cries,  
 She mov'd the ruler of the skies,  
 Sorrow, said Jove, is always waking;  
 You heard my summons, like the rest,  
 Scarce any thing remains worth taking,  
 I have dispos'd of all the best:  
 And yet I think there are a few  
 Choice rarities, will do for you.  
 Now, as your ladyship loves whimpering,  
 And has a mortal hate to HEBE,  
 EUPHROSUNE, and wanton PHEBE—  
 Girls that love tittering and simpering—  
 I give to you and your assigns  
 All lamentations, sobs, and whines;

Urns full of bones burnt to a coal;  
And, to refresh your grievous soul,  
As I am in a cue for giving,

Pitchers of tears, both mild and stale,  
Bestow'd by people that are living,  
On folks as dead as a door nail;  
And with each pitcher a full pot  
Of rich lachrymatory snot.

And to these gifts so rare, so many,  
I give you tendernefs in plenty,  
To be bestow'd like many a dainty,  
On those that have no need of any.

Just as the pious Romans treat

Their dead with plenty of nice food,  
Altho' they grudge them all they eat,

As long as eating does them good.

And after you have blown your nose,

Said Jove, and are prepar'd for this,

I give you dead men's eyes to close,

And give you dead men's lips to kifs,

And finally, all funeral rites,

Wherever practis'd and profess'd,

Whether

PASSION OVERSTRAINED. 129

Whether perform'd by Blacks or Whites,

With all the fooleries annex'd,

Of which, continued the grave Don,

I think the pyramid is one.

Any great edifice of stone,

Any great prison for the dead ;

But more especially the cone,

And the rotund with a round head,

Are fooleries ; but the most clever

Are pyramids, I'll tell you why ;

They are contriv'd to last for ever,

Great fooleries that never die :

And therefore none but Kings and Queens,

The Powers above and Powers infernal,

Can find materials, ways, and means

To make a foolery eternal.

This pyramid's majestic gloom

To sorrow properly belongs,

With its funereal music-room,

For dirges and sepulchral songs.

Here Sorrow, and her handmaid Spleen,

Shall be lock'd up, by my consent,

K

And,

And, in harmonious discontent,

Dwell here, and never more be seen.

Had not you plague enough in making it?

Relinquish it, if you are wise,

And thank her too for taking it;

This is the best I can advise:

For from that instant, be assur'd,

Your sacred Majesty is cur'd.

Pyramids, pitchers, pots, and urn,

Plac'd in so comical a light,

Gave the Queen's fancy a new turn,

Brought her about, and set her right.

The Queen began to taste repose,

Then call'd for cards, and won at play;

And then came joy, couleur de rose,

And all the court again was gay.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,  
A city famous for its wares,  
For Pricke and Nuns, and Flanders mares,  
And for the best of fish in Lent.

There

K 2

DON

[ 131 ]  
DON PRINGELLO'S TALE:

The FELLOWSHIP of the Holy NUNS;

OR, THE

MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT.

TALE IX.

— — — — — *Detur potiori.*

DON PRINGELLO was a celebrated Spanish Architect, of unbounded generosity; at his own expence, on the other side of the Pyrenean mountains, he built many noble castles, both for private people, and for the *public*. Out of his own funds, he repaired several palaces, situated upon the pleasant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France: and came over on purpose to rebuild Crazy Castle; but, struck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the style and taste of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,

A city famous for its wares,

For Priests and Nuns, and Flanders mares,

And for the best of fish in Lent.

132 DON PRINGELLO'S TALE; or,

There you may see, threat'ning destruction;

A hundred forts and strong redoubts,

Just like VAUBAN's, with ins and outs,

And cover'd-ways of love's construction.

In one constructed as above,

There dwelt two Nuns of the same age,

Join'd like two birds in the same cage,

Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,

Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,

Tho' Priests are commoner than cattle,

They had but one between them both.

Our Nuns should have had two at least,

In Ghent they're common as great guns,

Which made it hard upon our Nuns,

And harder still upon the Priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,

With spreading shoulders and a chest,

A leg, a chine, and all the rest,

Like HERCULES of the FARNESE.

Amongst the Nuns there was a notion,

That these two Sisters were assign'd

To

The MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT. 133

To him, for a severer kind  
 Of penitential devotion,  
 His penance lasted a whole year,  
 And he had such a piece of work,  
 If it had been for turning Turk,  
 It could not have been more severe.  
 Our Nuns, which is no common case,  
 Living together without jangling,  
 All on a sudden fell a wrangling  
 About precedency and place.  
 They both with spleen were like to burst,  
 Like two proud Misses when they fight;  
 At an Assembly, for the right  
 Of being taken out the first,  
 Before the Priest they made this clatter,  
 Between them both he was perplex'd,  
 And study'd to find out a Text  
 To end the controverted matter.  
 Children, said he, scratching his scone,  
 I should be better pleas'd than you,  
 Could I divide myself in two,  
 And satisfy you both at once.

134 Don PRINGELLO'S TALE,

Angels, perhaps, may have such powers,

But it is fit and reasonable

That you should be more reasonable,

Whilst you're with Beings such as ours.

Be friends, and listen to the Teacher:

Cease your vain clamour and dispute,

Be ye like little fishes mute,

Before Saint ANTHONY the Preacher.

To end at once all disputation,

I'll set my back against that gate,

And there produce, erect and straight,

The cause of all your altercation.

But first you both shall hooded be,

Both so effectually blinded,

'Twill be impossible to find it,

Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,

The rudder of the Church can seize,

Like PETER's Vicar with his keys,

Shall keep the helm, and have the lead;

She shall go first, I mean to say,

And have precedence every day.

The MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT. 135

The Nuns were tickled with the jest,  
 They were content ; and he contriv'd  
 To give the helm, for which they striv'd,  
 To her that manag'd it the best.

THE POET'S TALE;  
OR THE  
CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

TALE X.

**B**RIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,  
For the first night, timid and coolish,  
If they continue so the second,  
They always have been reckon'd foolish;  
The reason's obvious and plain—  
In many nice and ticklish cases,  
There's much to lose, and nought to gain,  
By affectation and grimaces.  
A Bridegroom, on the second night,  
Whipt off the bedcloaths in surprize,  
Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,  
Enough to make your choler rise.  
She turn'd away as red as scarlet,  
Whilst he continu'd, Pray behold;

Lay

Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,  
 That looks so impudent and bold.  
 This is the fifteenth time, in vain,  
 He has been sent to jail and fetter'd;  
 But there's no prison can contain  
 A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.  
 The Bride turn'd round, and took her place,  
 After some studying and thinking—  
 Said she, recovering her face,  
 Tho' modesty still kept her winking :  
 In vain the vagabond's committed,  
 And to hard work and labour sent,  
 If you, his keeper, are outwitted  
 By his pretending to repent.  
 You treat him ruggedly and hard,  
 Whilst any insolence appears,  
 But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,  
 The moment that he falls in tears.  
 Now you must know, that I suspect  
 A fellow-feeling, in some shape,  
 Or else you would not, through neglect,  
 Let him continually escape.

I'll

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,

That you'll deliver him to me,

And suffer me to keep him there,

And I'll consent to set him free.

OR, THE

UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT

T A D E X

A Brute, a Peasant, dwelt near Nantes,  
For they're synonymous in France,

Who every day of his wife said,

When he had nothing else to do,

Thrust'd his wooden shoe

To the possessors of his wife.

But, as all good and evil's equal,

All was balanc'd in the scale;

Every night, he had that pride,

His debt, on the whole amount

Of the posterior account,

Was balanc'd by the other side.

E H T

GOVERNOR of T\* \* \* LIBURY'S TALE;

OR, THE

UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

T A L E XI.

A Brute, a Peasant, dwelt near Nantz,  
For they're synonymous in France,  
Who every day of his vile life,  
When he had nothing else to do,  
Thrash'd, or apply'd his wooden shoe  
To the posteriors of his wife.  
But, as all good and evil's equal,  
All was balanc'd in the sequel;  
Every night, he had that pride,  
His debit, on the whole amount  
Of the posterior account,  
Was balanc'd by the other side.

THE

Like

Like debts of honour lost at play,  
Before he slept, he was sure to pay.

And every morn before he rose,  
He left her, over and above,  
A token of his constant love,

Steady and constant as his blows.  
One morning at his Spouse's levee,  
The blows and curses fell so heavy,

Before the Lady of the place,  
Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,  
With all the red and purple paint

Bestow'd upon her nose and face.  
The Lady pity'd her just grief,  
And took a course for her relief;

PIERRE was summon'd to appear,  
And must have rotted in a jail,  
Had he not found sufficient bail,

For his behaviour for a year.  
The dread of fines, a jail, and whipping,  
Like other folks, kept him from tripping.

About a month after this pass'd,  
For JAQUETTE the good Lady sent,

And

And

The UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT. 141

And ask'd her if she was content,

And PIERRE peaceable at last.

Truly, says she, I must confess,

That mine's a singular distress;

For tho' he beat me black and blue,

At night he always made it up,

In bed, over a chearful cup,

Where I was as content as you.

But now, he says, he's off his mettle,

Because we've no accounts to settle.

Let him indulge his appetite,

This very day let him begin

A fresh account, upon my skin,

And settle it this very night.

After such plenty of good fare,

To be reduc'd is hard to bear.

What then, my Lady, must I feel,

Depriv'd entirely of my meat,

Without a morsel left to eat,

Except what I can beg or steal?

The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,

That you did nought but eat and drink.

And

Did

Did you live always at this pass,  
Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,  
Like Shrovetide, or a village Feast,

Or like a Bishop's saying Mass?

A tear stood trembling in her eye,

Whilst JAQUETTE made her this reply :

He was as sure as the Church Chimes !

And I can say, what few can say,

He allow'd me three warm meals a day,

And afternoons too sometimes.

'Twas not from indigestion,

That never was the question ;

If now and then my fare was worse,

It was because, the day before,

He happen'd to allow me more

Than was convenient for his purse.

The Lady cry'd, Submit in quiet ;

My Spouse all day shall thrash his fill,

I'll never say that I'm us'd ill,

If he'll allow me such a diet.

Did you live always at this pace,

Or now and then, and then it ceas'd.

THE

Like Shrove-tide, or a village Feast.

# NOBLE REVENGE;

A tear stood trembling in her eye

OR, THE

While I acquiesce in this reply:

He has a name the Chinese!

# L \* \* B \* S T A L E.

And I can say, what few can say,

He allow'd me three warm meals a day.

## T A L E XII.

And afterwards too sometimes.

**A**LL people, languages, and nations,

In summer-time, have country stations,

And have contrivances and ways,

Some very old and others new,

To get the better of long days,

Which are the hardest to subdue.

In Italy the morning passes

In visiting and hearing masses;

And every creature, after dinner,

Retire, in couples or alone;

Both male and female, faint and sinner,

Strip themselves naked as a stone.

144 THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c.

All the world's out when night approaches,  
A-foot, in curricles, and coaches ;

Then they give concerts and act plays,  
And sup at one another's houses :

The Wives go with their Chechibays,  
Their Mates with other people's Spouses.  
In France, and probably in Spain,  
Summer gets on with toil and pain ;

The Ladies fally, with long canes,  
To gather flowers, or pick a fallet,

Attended by fantastic Swains,  
Like Figure-dancers in a ballet.

Some stay within and do much better ;

Some only stay to write a letter ;

Others into the garden run,  
To bowl, or shoot with bows and arrows ;

STREPHON, with CHLOE and a gun,  
Makes love, and fires among the sparrows.

Kill all the tenants of the grove,

But let those live that only live to love.

Pray, how do English summers go ?

They pass their summers but so so ;

THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c. 145

More like the Germans than the French,  
Drinking as long as they are able,  
And never thinking of a wench,  
'Till all the liquor's off the table :  
But when they give their mind that way,  
No people more alert than they.

VENUS is cruelly afraid,  
BACCHUS encroaches there so much,  
Lest he should spoil the Cyprian trade,  
As PLUTUS spoils it with the Dutch.

One summer, in the month of June,  
My Lady was quite out of tune ;

To set things right, she and my Lord  
Repair to the old country-seat,

Which to enjoy, with one accord,  
They lie apart, and seldom meet.  
They neither need to mope alone,  
Each have companions of their own ;

His are the worst, without all question,  
Led-Captains, Squires, and Parsons, without end ;

Hers, females of a strong digestion,  
MINGOTTI and her Fiddling Friend.—

L

But

146 THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c.

But then my Lord had a resource,  
Which made things equaller of course:

There is a place his Lordship chuses,  
I know not upon what pretence,

To call the Temple of the Muses,  
Built with less judgment than expence,

To push on time a little faster,  
My Lord appointing a toast-master,

Oft to the Temple's sacred shade  
Retires, like NUMA to his charmer,

To meet some favourite Chamber-maid,  
Or the fair Daughter of some farmer.

One afternoon a spy reveal'd  
The secrets that those walls conceal'd:—

When my Lord was inclin'd to take it,  
There was a room for making tea,

My Lady's woman us'd to make it,  
And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea some time; but why,  
ABIGAIL was resolv'd to spy.

Within the room she made, or found,  
A hole to peep into the next;

Her

## THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c. 1

Her labour with success was crown'd,  
Though the discovery made her vex'd.  
He left off tea, you may infer,  
Because he was tir'd to death of her.

She saw, as plain as eyes could see,  
And never saw him half so keen,

My Lord as busy as a bee,  
Sipping the sweets of sweet Eighteen.  
To be discarded and turn'd off,  
Of every servant-wench the scoff!

For whom? The Wife of a mean Taylor:  
Such was the Nymph in the Muses house;

She look'd as if she could impale her,  
Even as a Taylor would a louse.

My Lord return'd, sated with glory,  
And BETTY ran to tell her story—

Says she, Your Ladyship's so kind,  
My zeal for you made me suspicious;

I watch'd, but never thought to find  
Any thing downright flagitious.

Against mankind she declaim'd next,  
And then stuck closely to her text;

148 THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c.

Minutely painted the whole scene,  
The Nymph, her age, her lovely figure;  
And, to encrease her Lady's spleen,  
She magnify'd his Lordship's vigour.  
Great was her Ladyship's distress,  
How she would act, is hard to guess.  
All folks allow revenge is sweet,  
And many think that nothing's sweeter;  
But 'tis a maxim with the Great,  
The meaner the Revenge the greater.  
Caprice, according to FONTAINE,  
Guides almost every female brain;  
If meer caprice can raise a flame,  
To make a Dwarf enjoy a Queen,  
Revenge may make the noblest Dame  
Employ an instrument as mean.  
Nature left to herself most prone is,  
To follow the *Lex talionis*,  
In every nice and doubtful case.  
My Lady drove as nature led;  
And so she took, in my Lord's place,  
Her rival's Husband to her bed.

A Taylor's

THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c. 149

A Taylor's nothing on his board,  
In bed he's better than a Lord,  
Her Ladyship found him so there;  
And by his help, after ten years,  
At last produc'd a Son and Heir,  
That made my Lord the happiest of Peers.

To the L A D I E S.

LADIES, you have heard of Tit for Tat—  
*Lex Talionis* was like that:

It was an equitable law, whereby  
You weigh'd the person and the failure;  
It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye,  
And for a Lord, sometimes a Taylor.

148 THE NOBLE REVENGE, &c.

Minutely painted the whole scene,  
The Nymph, her age, her lovely figure;  
And, to encrease her Lady's spleen,  
She magnify'd his Lordship's vigour.  
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It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye,

And for a Lord, sometimes a Taylor.

## THOMAS OF COLEBY'S TALE.

P O R C I A,  
OR, PASSION OVERACTED.

**W**E come too late, *cartout est dit*,  
 Says *La Bruyere*; and more fool he:  
 Not only every age, each year  
 Brings scenes unknown before to view,  
 New realms of fancy still appear,  
 And beyond them, regions still new.  
 VOLTAIRE, and others I can mention,  
 Will give a colour and fresh look,  
 A lively varnish, like invention,  
 To any tale in any book;  
 And sell you one, ten times repeated,  
 Like an old watch in a new case,  
 Or an old drab, with whom you're cheated,  
 Taking her home for a new face.

Dress'd

PORCIA ; or, PASSION OVERACTED. 151

Dress'd by the Graces and FONTAINE,

In a coquetish *deshabillé*,

Without her weeds and Roman train \*

The Ephesian matron pleases still.

And PORCIA too, whose tale I tell,

Adorn'd by them, had pleas'd as well.

PORCIA could never be consol'd

For the departure of her spouse ;

A fever, caught by catching cold,

Had cancell'd their connubial vows.

Of every comfort now bereft,

The wretch's comfort, and the curse,

Was all the comfort she had left—

That is, Fate could not use her worse :

Her grief was settled, like her dower,

For life, and out of fortune's power.

To lay her grief up safe and sound,

Where sorrow might have elbow-room,

No place above, or under ground,

Was fitter than her husband's tomb :

\* Told by Petronius Arbitr.

152 PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED.

Than that deep cave, I should have said,  
 That held the tomb wherein he laid;  
 With vaulted roof lofty and wide,  
 Where every sigh and plaintive moan  
 Were play'd about from side to side,  
 Or whisper'd in the sweetest tone.  
 There with his tomb she found, in brief,  
 All the whole equipage of woe,  
 And every utensil of grief,  
 Both for convenience and show.  
 A lamp on each side of his urn,  
 Of vases lachrymal a dish,  
 A stone to sit upon and mourn,  
 As cold as broken-heart could wish:  
 And on his urn engrav'd there were,  
 A torch revers'd, to shew her loss,  
 Death's head, and with Death's head a pair  
 Of marrow-bones were lay'd across:  
 As good, tho' only made of stone,  
 For grief to pick, as real bone.  
 Whether the day was fair or foul,  
 Most of it pass'd within this cell:

A solemn

PORCIA, or, PASSION OVERACTED. 153

A solemn ~~sole~~ from the owl,

At night was PORCIA's warning-bell ;

Warn'd from the mansions of the dead,

To water with fresh tears her bed.

Nature, alarm'd for PORCIA's sake,

Took her into her special keeping ;

The harm she did herself awake,

Nature repair'd when she was sleeping.

PORCIA, refresh'd by balmy sleep,

Rose every morning like the sun,

Emerging vigorous from the deep,

Prepar'd his daily course to run.

One afternoon, the month was May,

PORCIA had din'd in her poor way.

A cavalier rode gently by,

As she was going upon duty,

And with a critic's curious eye

Survey'd this melancholy beauty.

Her hair in careless ringlets spread,

Two large black eyes to suit her hair,

The graceful posture of her head,

Smooth, white, round breasts, a strutting pair,

With

154 PORCIA ; or, PASSION OVERACTED.

With rosy buttons budding sweet,  
 That correspond but never meet.  
 A shape, a hand, delicious arms,  
 An outline elegantly drawn,  
 Were ample sureties for the charms  
 Hid by reluctant crape and lawn.  
 Such an assortment of rich wares,  
 With so much art and taste display'd,  
 Such tempting baits and cunning snares,  
 Concupiscence had seldom lay'd.  
 Our horseman first survey'd his ground ;  
 That done, he was dismounted soon,  
 Not like a trooper by a wound,  
 But like an active brave dragoon.  
 So have I seen, in the same guise,  
 A 'squire drawn in by two arch eyes ;  
 For lo, the 'squire, dismounting strait,  
 First argues with himself awhile,  
 Then hangs his horse upon a gate,  
 Then follows PHEBE o'er a stile.  
 PORCIA meanwhile, on her stone seat,  
 Lamenting fat, warm as a toast :

Nothing

PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED. 155

Nothing but PORCIA's natural heat  
    Could have maintain'd so cold a post;  
For Nature, as I said before,  
    Had ammunition always near,  
And fresh recruits for evermore,  
    To pour into her front and rear.  
And now appear'd, in sad array,  
CLODIO, the hero of the play.  
Entering the vault with downcast eyes,  
    He threw himself upon the ground,  
Whilst PORCIA's cadenc'd moans and sighs  
    Gently reverberated round.  
PORCIA's melodious complaints  
    Were like the music of the spheres,  
Delightful music for the saints,  
    But none at all for CLODIO's ears.  
He seem'd quite lost in deep despair,  
    Or so absorb'd in mental visions,  
He heard them not, or did not care  
    For all her quavers and divisions.  
On the cold stones reclining laid,  
    At length with woe-struck voice he said,

See

156 PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED.

See, ANNA, where thy CLAUDIO lies,

For ever faithful to his vows,

Pouring his annual sacrifice

Upon the grave of his lov'd spouse,

Disdain not, in the realms above,

The tears of consecrated love! —

Sitting unnotic'd and neglected,

Eve's curiosity or pique,

A pique one scarce could have suspected,

Prompted the dowager to speak.

The case was delicate and nice ;

She took her chance, and broke the ice

Welcome, poor wretch, to this abode,

This house of death, continued she ;

This passage is the only road

To peace and rest for thee and me.

Then ty'd her speech up with a sigh,

Waiting for CLAUDIO's reply.

Oh let me hear that voice again !

Is it a real voice, he cry'd,

Or an illusion of the brain ?

Real, alas ! the voice reply'd.

Rous'd

PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED. 157

Rous'd by the voice's awful sound,

At once he started from the ground,

Like GARRICK, rivetting his eyes

On PORCIA, with a frantic glare

PORCIA play'd JULIET's surprise,

With BELLAMY's surprising stare.

No painter's art could have devis'd

Two figures that seem'd more surpris'd.

But what was more surprising, clearly,

She on her stone, he on his feet,

Mistook each other very queerly,

Struck by a similar conceit :

Each saw their spouse, in either figure,

Restor'd to life, in perfect vigour.

Some time was spent in contemplation,

Previous to any declaration.

When their confusion was abated,

And things seem'd ripe for a debate,

Preliminary forms were stated,

Relative to their present state ;

And at the last from their confusion

They drew a very fair conclusion :

It

158 PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED.

It follow'd, from the first impression

Made upon both at the first glance,

That such a lively, just expression,

Could never be the work of chance :

Two forms so truly represented,

Could not by chance have been presented.

If 'twas not chance, what then remain'd ?

Why this conclusion must remain,

If 'twas not chance, 'twas pre-ordain'd ;

Nothing in nature was so plain.

Both pre-ordain'd, by special grace,

Their mutual losses to replace.

This point, discuss'd on PORCIA's stone,

Was fairly stated, as you'll see,

And as this stone could hold but one,

The Widow sat on CLODIO's knee ;

This was a necessary case,

For otherwise, my worthy Sirs,

If PORCIA had not chang'd her place,

CLODIO must have sat on her's.

None but a prude, I do suppose,

Can blame th' alternative she chose.

If

PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED. 159

If the resemblances could reach  
To every article throughout,  
The representative of each  
Could entertain no further doubt;  
But doubts must needs be entertain'd,  
Till every doubtful point's explain'd:  
For likenesses are oft deceiving,  
Appearances are often cheating;  
Seeing is not a *firm* believing;  
The pudding's proof is in the eating:  
In that case, all you have to do  
Is to say grace, and then fall to.  
Having no subject for debate,  
Wanting no proof but that alone,  
They sign'd the treaty drawn by fate,  
And seal'd it upon PORCIA's stone.  
And thus the doubtful points compar'd,  
Handled and view'd in every light,  
All correspondently declar'd  
The previous conclusion right.  
And so the long-predestin'd pair,  
CLUDIO and his deputed wife,

160 PORCIA; or, PASSION OVERACTED.

Leaving the monumental chair,  
Rose from the dead to a new life;  
For having now, as it grew late,  
No further business with the dead,  
They finish'd the decrees of fate,  
At PORCIA's house, in PORCIA's bed;  
But PORCIA first prepar'd the way  
With a good supper and tokay.  
CLODIO next morning, not before,  
Talking of ANNE, and his affliction,  
Own'd his wife ANNE, and what was more,  
Own'd the whole process was a fiction;  
He had no wife alive or dead,  
The representative of ANNE  
Had put that thought out of his head,  
And help'd him to a better plan.  
But grant, said he, we both were cheats,  
And that your grief, like mine, was feign'd,  
Our meeting here between two sheets,  
Might for all that be pre-ordain'd:  
A field where you may range and feast,  
Unty'd, not tether'd like a beast.

FABLES

AT KODIAK, ALASKA, BY HARRISON OVERMAN

F A B L E S

F O R

GROWN GENTLEMEN.

## F A B L E S

F O R

GROWN GENTLEMEN.

The RIVER with a Petition.

**A** According to the Roman's creed,  
 I speak of Rome, two thousand years ago,  
 The Life that they supposed the Gods to lead,  
 You would not chafe to see the MEN  
 Jupiter's Business, day and night,  
 Was to attend with open ears and eyes,  
 And to write down, as fast as he could write,  
 All the impertinence that Men devise.  
 Besides men's topicks and sayings,  
 The women had to great a share,  
 That they assistances and cravings,  
 Omnipotence alone could bear.

M 2

F A B L E S  
 F O R  
 G R O W N G E N T L E M E N .

---

F A B L E I.

The R I V E R with a Petition.

A Ccording to the Romish creed,  
 I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,  
 The Life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,  
 You would not chuse to undergo.  
 Jupiter's Business, day and night,  
 Was to attend with open ears and eyes,  
 And to write down, as fast as he could write,  
 All the impertinence that Men devise.  
 Besides men's fopperies and ravings,  
 The women had so great a share,  
 That their absurdities and cravings  
 Omnipotence alone could bear.

164 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

And furthermore, to try his patience,  
He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses  
Of all his children and relations,  
And of his wife and his mis-tresses.

Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,  
A river in great tribulation,  
To Jupiter presented a petition,  
With an expostulating exhortation;  
Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,  
He has a right to think himself ill-us'd;  
A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,  
Exactly like a double-barrell'd gun,

Which if you fire with resolution,  
You have another chance when one is done:  
So far from killing two birds with one stone,  
An art that's very little known;  
All the petitioner desir'd to do,  
Was to kill one with two.

Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner,  
For his attachment and devotion,  
Had been appointed a commissioner  
Of the revenues of the Ocean,

Which

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 165

Which he collected with great pains,  
And sent in good and current cash,  
But for his trouble and clear gains,  
The Sea return'd adulterated trash:  
Wherefore he pray'd;  
Exhorted, and submitted,  
That all the sums the Ocean pay'd,  
Shall for the future be remitted  
And issued fair,  
Without debasement or impair.  
Ungrateful Thames ! the God reply'd,  
Without that mixture and alloy,  
Which the Sea pours into thee every tide,  
Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.  
Without his aid thou wouldst remain  
Like TIBER, or the poor pretending SEINE,  
Led through parterres or rolled down a cascade,  
Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.  
'Tis thus the Highlander complains,  
'Tis thus the Union they abuse  
For binding their back-sides in chains,  
And shackling their free feet in shoes :

166 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

For giving them our food and fuel,  
And comfortable cloaths,  
Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel;  
Instead of rags and heretable blows,  
Luxury every day grows stronger;  
The Highland fair,  
Beholds her lover now no longer;  
Trotting with his buttocks bare.  
Thus Doctor BROWN was taken with the spleen,  
And fancy'd we were all undone,  
Raving about a carpet and a screen,  
And out of temper with the sun:  
Because it is a crime,  
As he supposes,  
For men to run in winter-time  
Into the sun to warm their noses.  
'Tis an egregious want of sense,  
A want of taste and want of shame,  
When universal affluence  
And luxury are deem'd the same.  
Good Doctor, spite of your discerning,  
The term of *Universal* will agree,

With

**FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 167**

With your benevolence and learning,  
Justs as it suits with luxury.  
You may perceive, if you be so inclin'd,  
Like your discernment, luxury's confin'd.  
For, as the gout torments the hands and feet,  
To ease the nobler stomach and the head,  
So luxury, to gratify the great,  
Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.  
Luxury in a state is a disease,  
Because 'tis partial and obstructed wealth;  
But universal affluence and ease  
Is universal happiness and health.

## F A B L E II.

The PHENIX and her LOVERS.

**T**HAT every Female's a Coquette,  
I could as safely swear upon a book,  
As I cou'd safely bet,

That ev'ry Frenchman is a cook.

A Phenix, daughter of the Sun,  
Chaste as a Vestal, modest as a Nun,  
Added such merit to her birth,  
That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,  
No feather'd Coxcomb of the earth  
Ventur'd to declare his passion.

They all agreed,  
No earthly bird was worthy of her love,  
None but a bird of the celestial breed,  
An angel from above.

The Phenix liv'd so long a maid,  
'Till all her gaiety and bloom

Began to fade,  
And flavour of the tomb.

She

She mop'd, grew splenetic, and tir'd  
Of so much awe and so much state;

She long'd like other birds to be admir'd,  
Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.  
At last she issu'd out a proclamation  
To summon the male birds of every nation;

Perhaps this summons, and this longing,  
Was a political machine,  
Just like the lovers that came thronging,  
Summon'd by our virgin Queen.

Now, from all quarters,  
The birds appear'd in their best cloaths;  
Nobles in stars and garters,  
Curl'd and embroider'd beaux.

Some stately, others light and gay,  
One coo'd, another sung and flatter'd,  
Some like the Magpie and the Jay  
For ever chatter'd.

About the inner ring,  
Where all the Birds of figure press,  
A Bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,  
To shew his shape and his address,

Offering

170 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,  
At which there rose a universal hoot.

The Phenix answer'd in the tone,  
And in the self-same manner languish'd,  
As good Queen Bess, when she was shewn  
A Taylor by her beauty vanquish'd;

Take courage, man, says she,  
For if I needs must have a Taylor,  
I promise without failure  
To marry none but thee.

And as the Queen coquetted at an age

When other Queens are tame,  
'Till she went off the stage;  
The Phenix did the same.

She dy'd a great coquette, and what is more,  
Rose from the grave a greater than before.

The Phenix and self-love are the same beast,

Within the human breast,  
Which Poets feign the spicy East,  
She builds her solitary nest;  
From whence with every gale of wind,  
The traveller may smell the mind.

**FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 171**

Her Lovers are our passions; these she meets,

Either by appointment or by chance,

Which if she can't indulge, she treats

With smiles and complaisance.

And as the Phenix, from her ashes rais'd,

Returns as blooming as a bride,

So, when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd

Self-love springs up again with double pride.

'Tis a determin'd case,

None but ourselves can occupy our place.

For this same reason, physical and clear,

Each individual of us all

Is that same Phenix, without any peer

On this terrestrial ball.

Lovers are madmen, and a miser

Not one jot wiser.

Let any try, except a Lover,

Or one devoted to his self,

Whether in all the world they can discover

Another Self.

**F A B L E**

## F A B L E III.

## The DUCKLINGS and the WISE BIRDS.

**A** HEN one evening, to enjoy the cool,  
 Was walking with a brood of Ducklings  
 callow,  
 Just like a Mistress of a boarding-school,  
 With Misses green and yellow.  
 As she was tutoring and schooling,  
 This bird for loitering and that for fooling,  
 Behold a fish-pond so alluring,  
 That, spite of her remonstrances and cackle,  
 They ventur'd their whole stock without insuring,  
 Trusting to their oars and tackle.  
 The Hen kept scolding like a drab,  
 Cursing her rebellious race;  
 We are not thy children, cry'd a pert young Squab,  
 If we were chickens, we should have more grace;  
 On nature we depend,  
 Our course she steers,

Nature's

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 173

Nature's a safer guide, and better friend

Than any Dotard's fears.

Close by the pond, an ancient tower

Lifted it's venerable head,

A college and sequester'd bower,

Where Owls for ages had been bred ;

An old professor, a great clerk,

Taught them their talents to display,

To keep their eyes wide open in the dark,

And shut them in the face of day ;

To think abstractedly, to reason deep,

And to declaim, 'till all the world's asleep.

The students from the tower saw our young folks,

Our bold Adventurers under sail ;

They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,

And heard their nurse's fruitless wail.

Observe, says one more learned than the rest,

These birds by instinct know the season

To sail, to eat, to go to rest,

Just as we know by argument and reason.

We know from reason and experience both,

We see it every hour ;

That

174 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

That Governors are loth  
 To part with power.  
 Yon Hen, which you all hear,  
 In such a fright,  
 Undoubtedly affects that fear,  
 To keep her Pupils always in her sight.  
 From the same principle, for the same end,  
 Our Tutor keeps us all thus pen'd;  
 Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,  
 We are too weak, it is too soon:  
 This I'll demonstrate is a lye,  
 As clear as the sun at noon.  
 Feet, said the subtle Owl,  
 Are not the things  
 That constitute the essence of a fowl,  
 So much as wings.  
 Whatever is essential to our make  
 We soonest learn, and seldomeft mistake.  
 Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call,  
 By which we get our wants dispatch'd,  
 Is so essential above all,  
 That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd.

Nature,

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 175

Nature, benevolent and wise,

Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.

By parity of reason meet,

Our wings and pinions should be ready

Long time before our heads and feet

Are firm and steady.

Therefore 'twill follow, like a chain,

That as we walk, you must confess,

With little giddiness and pain,

If we attempt it, we must fly with less.

This reasoning, philosophic wight

Convinc'd his brethren one and all:

With one accord they took their flight,

And fatal and untimely was their fall.

None of them reason'd any more,

The young logicians lay like wrecks,

Drown'd in the pond or scatter'd on the shore,

With mangled limbs and broken necks.

Bred in a court, or some gay city,

The Ducklings are those spritely fools,

O Cambridge, is it not a pity?

Strangers to thee and to thy schools!

FABLE

F A B L E IV.

La Noblesse de France.

The Fighting COCK and the CRAVEN.

A Cock, an officer of foot,  
In France retir'd into a village,  
Where he did nought but crow and strut,  
And live by pillage.

Whene'er he had a mind  
To take his pastime with the fair,  
He was not to one wife confin'd,

Nor to a pair ;

But, like a lord,

Had half a dozen both at bed and board.

He spy'd a barn-door fowl one day,

Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,

In amorous dalliance and play

With a young pullet.

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,

His size, almost the size of geese,

Shew'd

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 177

Shew'd that he had been nurtur'd in the Lap

Of peace.

Bred for the bench and presidential chair,

He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.

The military cock took as much pleasure

As an unlucky page,

To see the magistrate employ his leisure

So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example !

Be virtuous and discreet !

To tread on modesty and trample

Chastity beneath his feet !

Fine times, says he, when judges run,

Seducing maidens in the open sun !

This wanton fit

Comes of intemperance and over-eating ;

Which, as it soon will bring you to the spit,

Shall save your reverence from a beating.

To this reproof,

With a fly sneer the judge reply'd aloof :

'Tis true that I and all my brood,

When we have run the race assign'd,

N

Shall

178 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Shall have the honour to become the food

And comfort of mankind.

An unexpected death

Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.

Good Colonel, you are mightily mistaken,

It is not owing to respect, indeed,

That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,

Roasted, nor fricasséed.

But tho' your flesh be men's aversion,

Your flesh contributes much to their diversion;

They give you barley, bread, and oats,

Because they take great pleasure and delight

To see you fight;

To see you cut each other's throats.

If you escape, and are not slain in war,

You are in a worse plight by far;

Amongst the hogs,

Wounded and lame, upon a dunghill cast,

By wanton boys and puppy dogs

Worried or teaz'd to death at last.

In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,

A tax where you appeal and squabble;

There

There the nobility go free and clear,

Like the rascality and rabble.

The same exemption pards and tygers own ;

And the base polecat caught in gins ;

Their flesh and bone we let alone,

We ask them nothing but their skins.

## F A B L E V.

The **D O G** and the **C A T**.**I** N T E R E S T fascinates both age and youth,

And with a glance of her bewitching eye,

Can make a Minister speak truth,

Or make a mighty Monarch tell a lye.

She can set brothers by the ears,

And, what you'll scarce believe perhaps,

Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,

And live together without pulling caps.

'Tis she gives every one her place,

Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,

Joining a scoundrel to his grace,

An atheist to a priest.

Interest, well understood,

Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare,

That life is only good

To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care.

Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,

Each a famous politician,

Were

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 181

Were meditating as they sat,  
Plans and projects of ambition.  
By the same fire were set to warm,  
Fragments of their master's dinner;  
Temptations to alarm,  
The frailty of a finner.

Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,  
And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws;  
And as two Plenipos,  
For fear of a surprise,  
When both have something to propose,  
Examine one another's eyes;  
Or like two Maids, tho' smit by different Swains,  
In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,  
Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,  
Studying each other's physiognomy.  
Pompey, endow'd with finer sense,  
Discover'd in a cast of Tabby's face,  
A symptom of concupiscence,  
Which made it a clear case,  
When straight applying to the dawning passion,  
Pompey address'd her in this fashion;

182 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,  
Becoming faithful dogs, and pious cats,  
Have guarded day and night this common-weal  
From robbery and rats ;  
All that we get for this, Heaven knows,  
Is a few bones and many blows.  
Let us no longer fawn and whine,  
Since we have talents and are able ;  
Let us impose an equitable fine  
Upon our master's table ;  
And to be brief,  
Let us each chuse a single dish,  
I'll be contented with roast beef,  
Take you that turbot—you love fish.  
Thus every dog and cat agrees,  
When they can settle their own fees.  
Thus two contending chiefs are seen,  
To agree at last in every measure ;  
One takes the management of the marine,  
The other of the nation's treasure.

F A B L E VI.

The SPIDER and the FLY.

WITH malice fell,  
 A spider watch'd within his cell,  
 Ready to fally,  
 The unwary traveller to fouse,  
 Like a Jew broker in the alley,  
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-house;  
 Like them he corresponded far and near,  
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,  
 He manag'd his affairs and kept all clear,  
 Without a partner or a clerk.  
 A petit maître, a gaudy fly,  
 Thinking to scamper unmolested,  
 With airy equipage as he pass'd by,  
 By cruel Cacus was arrested.  
 Furnish'd with that undaunted sense,  
 Which only courts and camps can teach,  
 Having no weapon or defence,  
 Except his instrument of speech;

The fly, with flattering soporific strains,  
 Tried to benumb the spider's brains :  
 Hearing such daily praise bestow'd,  
 Upon your elegance in weaving,  
 I came to visit your abode,  
 Which is magnificent beyond believing.  
 And now I am convinc'd, if you will drop

The linen trade,  
 And take to weaving velvets and brocade,  
 The fallad-eaters soon must shut up shop :  
 Change but your diet, and, like their's, your taste

Will grow refin'd, correct, and chaste,  
 As I have study'd every herb and leaf,  
 That's either noxious or good to eat,  
 Make me your caterer in chief,  
 And pourveyor of all your meat.  
 Send me this instant, in a trice,

I'll bring you something savoury and nice,  
 Seeing the spider smile and grin,  
 He found his plot would not succeed,

It was too thin  
 For one of that sagacious breed

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN, 185

On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,  
Swearing the drones would take the alarm,  
And come to the assistance of their cousin  
With an enormous swarm.

The drones and I are no such strangers,  
We know, said Cacus, what we both can do;  
They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,  
For such a busy meddling fool as you:

But since you come to spoil our manufacture,  
To rob and poison honest traders,  
I'll hang you like a malefactor,  
To terrify invaders.

No sooner said than done,  
He knock'd him down, and hung him in the sun.

The spider, like Mynheer goes on,  
Is watchful, subtle, and alert,  
The fly is either proud like Don,

Or like a Frenchman vain and pert.  
When you are plagu'd with any flies,  
Spanish or French, small flies or great,  
Maintain your high spider allies,  
In order to preserve your meat.

FABLE

## F A B L E VII.

—The Wild DUCKS and the Water SPANIEL.

**A**FTER a tedious flight,  
Of many a stormy day and night,

A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,

Upon a lake were making merry ;

Like sailors in a sea-port town

Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.

A swan, too stately far for sport,

To shew herself was all her view,

Had undertaken to escort

The jovial crew.

Swelling and bridling,

With all the airs of a fine dame at court ;

Turning about and sidling,

Advancing and then stopping short.

Displaying in her features

Contempt and insolent dejection,

To signify that those strange creatures

Were forc'd upon her for protection.

I must

I must confess, amongst mankind  
I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd.

At Paris, on the Seine,  
I have seen a French marquee conduct a pair

Of German barons to the fair

Of Saint Germaine,

Strutting before them, tossing up his head,

Then looking back, and lowering his crest,

The barons were so awkward, so ill bred,

And so ill dress'd.

Have you not seen a new-made peer  
With equal pride, but greater trepidations,

Observing in his rear

A troop of country relations

Run up Saint James's-street, and at two leaps

Take Arthur's steps?

Those steps, as terrible as the Tarpeian,

From whence with one black ball you are hurl'd

Into another world

Amongst the damn'd Plebeian.

Perhaps this grave and solemn swan

Dislik'd the company of those wild-ducks,

Just

# 188 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Just as a prude, or a sober man,  
 Dislikes the company of bucks.  
 For whilst they made more noise and riot  
 Than twenty justices of peace,  
 The swan was serious and quiet  
 As Col'nel Gander marching with his geese,  
 Marching to the field,  
 With gorget and a wooden shield.  
 About the middle of the lake,  
 Upon the banks, a water-spaniel lay,  
 Looking out for duck or drake  
 Or any lawful prey ;  
 And as the captain of a privateer  
 Lies by,  
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer  
 'Till his expected prize begins to fly,  
 Close to the shore the spaniel let them sail,  
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,  
 Snorting and snoring ;  
 Pursuing them with all his force,  
 Swearing and roaring,  
 'Till he was hoarse ;

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 189

He turn'd and veer'd,

Now made a stretch, and then a tack ;

Now snapp'd, and now they disappear'd

And rose again a long way back ;

'Till the poor, spiritless, exhausted brute

Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.

And as the French to Toulon ran,

And left the Spaniards in a scrape,

The moment that the fray began,

The swan made her escape.

Quite out of reach,

A roan duck upon the beach,

Under a shed,

Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,

Just like Caligula under the bed,

Studying the cause of lightning and thunder.

As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,

He made them an oration ;

The roan duck being the recorder,

Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave your abandon'd lives,

Roving like pirates and Jews,

Come

190 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Come hither with your children and your wives,  
And settle peaceably in our mews.  
We'll take you without any fuss,  
Here we have neither law nor code,  
You are only tied to copy us,  
And go by custom and the mode.  
You shall be fashionably dress'd,  
Protected, treated, and caress'd ;  
A friseur, with an instrument of steel,  
Shall shape your wings and your toupee,  
Make them fit perfectly genteel,

Easy and free.

As to the rest, you may gather from my looks

Whether the air is good,

And whether we have wholesome food,

Or tolerable cooks.

Peace, wretch, the chieftain of the ducks reply'd,

Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,

Freedom is as much our pride,

As it is thine to be a slave.

We neither injure nor provoke ;

We neither fear great nor small,

Because

## FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 191

Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,

We are hated by them all.

From pole to pole pursu'd,

From pole to pole

Our enemies have, every soul,

Been baffled and subdu'd.

Lords of three elements, we can maintain

Our rights, our freedom, and possessions,

With the same ease that we disdain,

Thy offers and insidious professions.

In our own virtue we confide,

On others how can we rely,

When fear or hope, envy or pride,

May turn a friend into a false ally?

Those who depend on others,

Whether on males or females they depend,

Will find the swan has many brothers,

And sisters without end.

F A B L E VIII.

The Advice of an Old SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,  
 Frolicksome and full of play:  
 Even in the height of all his mirth,  
 Delicate, as well as gay:  
 With far more feeling for his friend,  
 Than they could either taste or comprehend.—  
 Being thrown into the world betimes,  
 Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,  
 Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,  
 As odious for malice and deceit.  
 Oft when he meant to have amus'd  
 His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,  
 By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,  
 And slighted even by the best.  
 Oft, when half-starv'd he found a bone,  
 Or something hid,  
 Instead of eating it alone,  
 As others did,

He,

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 193

He ran to share his daily bread,

Unfought,

With those that were much better fed

Than taught.

His daily bread they seiz'd,

And drove him from their mess,

More disappointed and displeas'd

With their ingratitude than his distress.

It is a maxim amongst dogs—

When they have the address and skill—

To slip their collars and their clogs,

And leave their friends that use them ill.

To avoid anxiety and strife,

Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.

A country dog, I think,

Is exactly like a country squire,

They both are only fit to sleep and stink

By their own fire ;

And when awake are only good

To yelp and hollow in a wood.

Their joys

And conversation are the same ;

O

'Tis

194 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

'Tis all a clamour and a noise;

And all the noise and clamour about game:—

Three words compose their whole vocabulary—

A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting-day;

Whether they are serious or merry,

'Tis all they have to say:

In short, they never are so entertaining,

As when they're fast asleep, or feigning.

To quit such friends as these,

One would not grieve:

Tray parted from them with great ease,

Without so much as taking leave:

Consults his grandfire, by profession

A spaniel;

For judgment and discretion

A perfect Daniel.

Benign and mild,

He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.

Grandson, said he, I do conceive

If you had known the world, and how things go,

But half as much as you believe,

Or twice as much as I believe you know;

You

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 195

You would not have complain'd,  
That dogs behave to one another,  
When they are unchain'd,  
Like every creature to his brother.  
Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,  
If you lie open and unguarded,  
Is it not just  
That vigilance should be rewarded?  
'Twas neither nature's call;  
Nor my instruction,  
To trust your friends at all;  
Much less, to trust them to your own destruction.  
A painful and severe attention,  
Is but a necessary fence,  
To every dog of sense,  
Against deceit and circumvention,  
A task from which you hop'd to be reliev'd  
By trusting to your friends :  
You are deceiv'd,  
Acting as much as they for your own ends.  
All the world knows,  
That friendship's a mere sound ;

196 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

A sound that hardly can impose  
Upon a puppy hound.  
Nature is not to blame,  
Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented  
That foolish name,  
By which so many fools are circumvented.  
Happiness you'll seldom find,  
Unless you learn  
To have no weighty interest or concern  
With those of your own kind.  
Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)  
That they are neither worth your love nor hate.

FABLE

F A B L E IX.

To my Lord ———.

WITH parts, tho' little worse for wearing,  
That scarce would pay for the repairing,

A man past-forty-five,  
Furnish'd with indolence and pride,  
A huge tremendous spouse beside,  
To save his soul alive,  
Was sitting yawning by the sea,  
Twirling his snuff-box, just like me.

Vanquish'd almost by strenuous sloth,  
He set himself a task at length,  
A task above his worship's strength,  
Above the strength of both.

“ To sit with an attentive eye

“ To mark and take a strict account,

“ And know exactly the amount

“ Of all the waves as they pass'd by.”

So putting on, to suit the ~~case~~,  
A calculating placid face,

He kept his reck'ning and discretion,

198 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

'Till, by miscounting grown confus'd,  
And consequently difamus'd,

He broke the series of progression;  
Which overflowing, fill'd him quite  
Up to the throat with spleen and spite.

During this vap'rish fit of grief  
A Fox stepp'd up (my Lord 'tis true,  
It was your genius, tho' not you),

A Fox stepp'd up to his relief.  
Begin again, said he, and mind;

Why will you poison your enjoyment?  
Are there not waves enow behind,

Enow for your whole life's employment?  
Of all those millions that were lent,

Myriads of millions must have bounds,  
Of all those millions you have spent,

I speak of moments, not of pounds,  
Keep no account, nor heed the sum,

Time past is \* *nitchil*, my good friend;  
Remember only how you spend

The present and the time to come.

\* *An Exchequer Term*, the charge is answered by a Cypher.

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 199

F A B L E X.

**P** R A Y tell me, Sir, in what respect,  
What harm, says Pert, in a pert gown,

Do you imagine or expect

From us the servants of the Crown.

Why none at all, if you were wise ;

And there perhaps the danger lies.

But let me tell you, said Sir John,  
(It was a roguish Whig that spoke)

How Æsop once was set upon,  
And how he flung them with a joke.

A set of jolly tars one day,

Of Athens the supporters,

Joking with Æsop in their way,

Just like a set of drunken porters ;

Come on, cries one, my cunning man,

Unload that pack

Upon your back,

Give us a Fable spick and span.

Then claps him on the back, and hollows,

On which-out came the tale that follows :

NATURE had suffer'd a confusion,

Old Ocean from his seat had wander'd,

When Jove, to clear up the confusion,

And bring things to their proper standard,

Cried out, Drink, Earth, with all thy might,

Three drunken bouts will set all right.

She drank such draughts for the first time,

The mountains soaking like a toast,

Uncover'd to the roots almost,

Appear'd with heaps of mud and slime.

The second bout the trees appear'd,

The third, the vallies were quite clear'd :

Had she continued in that cue,

It would have been the worse for you,

For by and by

She must have drunk the ocean dry,

And if she had, my witty men,

What would you sailors have done then ?

Now, Sir, by way of application,

Pray look at our low situation,

Surrounded by a sea of law ;

In

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 201

In imitation of our betters,  
We try to keep this sea in awe,  
Like Xerxes and the Dutch, with fetters;  
That is, with many a bank and fence,  
Labour and infinite expence,  
We keep in pretty decent bounds  
Prerogative or royal pride,  
That overflow our neighbours' grounds,  
And spread destruction far and wide.  
Suppose, from any cause you please,  
You, who are trusted with the keys,  
Who ought to watch against abuses,  
Should think it neither harm nor sin,  
To open all your gates and sluices,  
And let the foaming waters in.  
In such a case, to say no more,  
Reck'ning all those that must be drown'd,  
And some perhaps that may be found  
Knock'd on the head ashore,  
Tell me, ye men of subtile brain,  
How many Lawyers will remain?

## F A B L E X I.

**A** WOLF pursu'd a Kid one day,  
Left by a shepherd through mistake,

That, like a truant at a wake,  
Loiter'd behind to sport and play.  
So well Sir Lupus play'd his part,

There was no chance in any shape

For her escape,

Unless she could escape by art.

As he press'd hard upon her rear,

The cunning jade,

Like a distress'd and injur'd maid,

Turn'd round, and dropp'd a tear.

Dread Sir, she cry'd, I see my fate,

Suspend your hunger and your hate,

Oh let me hear that voice so sweet,

Charm me once more before my death,

Your humble maid shall at your feet

With joy resign her breath.

The Wolf set up a hideous howl ;

The moment he began to sing,

He made the woods and vallies ring,

And frighten'd every beast and fowl.

He scarce had rung a dozen peals,

When, following as they were bid,

A hundred Dogs were at his heels,

Which put the Wolf to flight, and sav'd the Kid.

Thus hunted Liberty besought

A respite for a certain season,

Begging, before he cut her throat,

To hear her learned Butcher reason.

The Butcher made so great a din,

His eloquence brought down the rabble ;

Glad to escape with a whole skin,

Freedom left him and them to squabble.

Bad tenets openly maintain'd

Are not so bad as good ones feign'd ;

Filmer, so far from doing harm,

Serv'd, like the Wolf, to give th' alarm.

FABLE

## F A B L E XII.

**T**HOUGHTFULLY walking in his park,  
His Grace, with eyes fix'd on the ground,

Beheld an object of small mark,  
Made like a furz-ball, dark and round;

And, like one trod upon, it broke,  
Gave a loud crack, and sent forth smoke.

His Grace's diamond buckles fullied,  
He kick'd the ball with great disdain;

As if disdain'd to be bullied,  
The ball look'd twice as big again.

Again he kick'd, kick after kick,  
Then took a stone, then try'd a stick;

The ball went on at such a pace,  
It was grown bigger than his Grace.

Zounds! said the Duke, what have we here?

What means this foolish apparition?

Minerva whisper'd in his ear,

It means the Yorkshiremen's petition.

F A B L E XIII.

**A**N Afs was limping in great pain :

A nail, or else a pointed stick,  
Had pierc'd his foot into the quick ;  
And all attempts to get it out were vain.

With melancholy face,  
Quite in despair, he turn'd his back  
Upon both Regular and Quack,

And told a Wolf his case :—  
With you, said he, my sufferings end,

Into your paws my life I put :  
Eat me ; but first, Sir, condescend  
To draw the nail out of my foot ;

Let me enjoy one moment's ease,  
Devour me after when you please.

With teeth as hard as brass,  
The Wolf drew out the nail ;

On which his patient, John the Afs,  
Whisking about his Afs's tail,

Full

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Full at the Wolf let fly a stroke,  
That broke his jaws, and would have broke

A helmet or a coat of mail,  
That spoil'd his instruments for drawing,  
And stripp'd him of his tools for chawing.  
Friend, said the Ass, you are right served;

Why would you alter your condition?  
'Tis fit a butcher should be starved,  
When he sets up for a physician.

A thousand times it has been told,

'Tis true,  
But if the Fable's trite and old,

You'll own the application's new.—

A man of wealth, therefore of weight,

A most notorious malefactor,

Approach'd a Minister of State,

With loaded hands, tho' no contractor;  
Five thousand Hoares, five thousand banks,  
A ring, and twenty thousand thanks:

Take but this thorn out of my side,

Prevent my fall;

My boroughs, ever bound and ty'd,

Shall wait your Lordship's call.

My

# FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 207

My Lord, said he, nought can defeat us,

If you will grant me my *Quietus*.

'Twas done, and bravely done, no doubt,

For now he join'd his powers and strength,

And had the happiness at length

To help to kick his Lordship out.

FABLE

## F A B L E XIV.

**C**Rossing a river swift and wide,  
 A Horse, with an indignant eye,  
 Beheld a foolish piece of pride,  
 A piece of Dung come prancing by.  
 Behold, said he, that compost vile,  
 The filthy stuff,  
 That was behind me half a mile,  
 Is now before me far enough.  
 \* But why should this make a Horse sick?  
 Delighted with malicious jokes,  
 Fortune plays many a worse trick,  
 When she plays some of her fine strokes.  
 Did not she, fearless of reproach,  
 Bestow on him that rubb'd my heels,

\* But why should this make a Horse sick,  
 This is not any new vagary,  
 Fortune plays many a worse trick,  
*Quoties voluit jocari.*

*For the sake of the Ladies, the Author altered it.*

My master's widow and his coach,  
And kitchen-stuff to grease the wheels?  
The lucky dog, said he, and smil'd,  
Has got her daughter too with child.

## F A B L E XV.

**A** FLOCK of Cranes newly come over,  
 Buried in wheat up to the throat,  
 Like oxen rioting in clover,  
 Were taken at their *table d'hôte*.  
 Amongst the set  
 Thus taken up for vagrant game,  
 A Stork was found in the same net,  
 Pretending to be sick and lame;  
 With whining voice and face of brags,  
 Just like a rogue with a false pass,  
 Seiz'd with a fainting fit,  
 'Tis but a moment since I lit;  
 For filial duty, in all ages,  
 Our house, said he, was ever noted,  
 By all philosophers and sages,  
 By poets male and female quoted:  
 My name is Stork, the Cranes will own  
 No way related to their clan;

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 211

I should as soon digest a stone,

As either corn or bran.

Believe not me, trust your own eyes ;

Take and examine us by pairs,

Our feathers are of different dyes,

How different mine is from theirs !

Neither your colour nor digestion,

The farmer cry'd, is now the question ;

That you were taken in this place,

And in their company, is plain ;

But, for the honour of your race,

You shall be punish'd as a Crane.

Just so, one of the sacred bench

Was caught in criminal conversation,

Not with a juicy tempting wench,

That's an excusable temptation.

Caught in the fact, for so the story is,

Of prostitution amongst Tories.

What do you think was his defence ?

The metropolitan of \_\_\_\_\_

Exclaim'd, appeal'd to common sense,

Argu'd exactly like the stork :—

212 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Examine their's and my Pen feather,

Birds of so different a plume,

You will confess, I do presume,

Can never copulate together.

But in *Crim Con* having been taken,

This could not save his holy bacon.

F A B L E XVI.

**A**GNAT upon an Ox's horn,  
Clapping his wings, sang forth his praise,  
Greater than the Unicorn :

Hail, greatest beast of all that graze !

Accept, great brute, my willing strain ;

And, if my weight give you no pain,

Which I much fear,

Allow me to remain

To charm your bovine ear :

Great and mighty Chieftain, say,

Whether shall I go or stay ?

The Ox reply'd,

Where insignificance prevails,

You always meet with empty pride ;

Depend upon't it never fails :

To me, vain insect, 'tis the same,

You may give over or go on ;

I neither felt you when you came,

Nor shall I miss you when you're gone.

## 214 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Said Maupertuis, Pray, read this Fable,  
And I'll explain it to the table.

Observe Voltaire, that chirps and sings

Near Prussia's King from night to morn ;

He is the Gnat that claps his wings,

And sings upon the Ox's horn.

Voltaire replied, The Gnat suits me ;

But why an Ox ? there I am dull ;

As for the Ox, said Maupertuis,

I wish the Ox had been a Bull \*.

\* If there is any meaning in these four last lines of the author, of which I hold him guiltless, to use the words of Jean Jaques, " ce n'est que pour ceux, qui ont (le Taët) l'odorat fin," he should have said.

SMELLFUNGUS.

FABLE

## F A B L E XVII.

**O**NCE on a time, a man of fashion,  
 Æsop has told it you before,  
 In love, and blinded by his passion,  
 At Athens wed a common Whore.  
 The Whore, transported with devotion,  
 Leaving her lovers in the lurch,  
 And also proud of her promotion,  
 Attended daily the Greek church.  
 Venus, to whom she made her prayers,  
 Rated her soundly in her sleep :  
 You strumpet, give yourself no airs ;  
 Your prayers, said she, and incense keep :  
 Not for your sake, nor for your vows,  
 I gave your ladyship your spouse,  
 Nor, like dame Fortune, for a whim ;  
 It was because in twenty places  
 He had affronted all the Graces ;  
 In short, because I hated him.

216 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

My Lord has made a vile buffoon

His bosom friend, the Graces cry'd ;

Good gracious Venus, grant our boon, F A

Give him a harlot for his bride.

Tho' chaste, the Graces are so gay,

Venus herself is so delighted, A

So taken with their winning way,

She hates all those by whom they're slighted,

## F A B L E XVIII.

**A**N Eagle pick'd up a young Lamb,  
 Carelessly sporting by her Dam,  
 Too feeble to protect and guard her ;  
 Aloft you might have seen her swing,  
 Just like a Lamb on a hook ring,  
 Swinging suspended in a larder.  
 The bird kept mounting to the sky,  
 'Till, like a paper kite,  
 Lessen'd each instant to the eye,  
 He vanish'd out of sight.  
 A Jack-daw on a steeple top,  
 First taking a delib'rate hop,  
 Resolv'd to try what he could do ;  
 Resolv'd the Eagle to excel,  
 Down, like a bird of prey, he fell,  
 To seize, and carry off, the Ewe :  
 His feet entangled in the wool,  
 Neither Jack's wings nor paper skull

Could

218 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Could rescue him from his mishap :  
 A Shepherd, summon'd by John's noise,  
 Took him, and, to divert his boys,  
 Trimm'd him, and gave him a fool's cap.  
 Now, Jack, said he, now, if you will,  
 Fancy yourself an Eagle still, —  
 So have I seen, you know the place,  
 A Coxcomb, with a Jack-daw's wit,  
 Rife, with a pert unmeaning face,  
 To emulate the Eagle PITT;  
 As fit to speak or to reply  
 As Æsop's Tortoise was to fly;  
 Struggle and strain to be distinguish'd,  
 Floundering and flammering evermore,  
 Then drop eternally extinguish'd  
 In one contemptuous farewell roar.  
 'Tis pertness makes Jack hop and chatter;  
 Pertness makes all weak people weaker;  
 Nothing but courage, strength, and matter  
 Can make a thunder-bearing speaker.

F A B L E XIX.

**S**UCKING his paws for his diversion,

A Bear, a huge mis-shapen mass,

Beheld a Fox, with great aversion,

Picking the bones of a dead Ass.

I never touch the dead, said Bruin,

Nor break their sacred rest, like you,

To whom destruction and dire ruin,

For such a wicked act, is due.

With a sly grin the Fox reply'd,

My learned friend, we differ wide;

Pray heaven, that you and all your kin

Would take a fancy to such fare!

To eat the dead, is no great sin,

It is the living you should spare.

Your piety I understand;

You, Sir, and all your brethren chuse

To fit yourselves with those at hand,

Rather than wait for dead folks shoes.

Happy

220 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Happy are they that have no dealings  
With Bears of nice and tender feelings !

Says Crito the benign :

Crito would sooner lose his head

Than vent his spleen

By speaking evil of the dead.

Crito, you talk and look profoundly,

But pr'ythee, with that heart of steel,

Revile the dead, and maul them soundly ;

Flea none but those that cannot feel.

Your cruel pastime, Junius, cease :

Had you been just to honour and to fame,

Had you let Virtue sleep in peace,

And lash'd those only that are dead to shame ;

I should have cry'd, why let him lash,

I like both Junius and his plan ;

None but a knave need fear his lash,

For Brutus is an honourable man.

F A B L E XX.

A SERPENT fly,

With thoughtful head and watchful eye,  
 Had got out of a thousand scrapes,  
 Either by wriggling or back-sliding,  
 By circumvention or by gliding ;  
 In short, in many shapes.  
 Without the least pretence  
 To consequence or common sense,  
 With volubility indeed,  
 The Tail, affecting to be great,  
 Envy'd the Head her judgment-seat,  
 And try'd to take the lead.

Some members openly dissented ;  
 Some were won over, some afraid ;  
 The major part at last consented,  
 The Head was shamefully betray'd.  
 Without an eye, a nose, an ear,  
 Without the semblance of a brain,

Without

222 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Without a grain of wit or fear,

*Madame la Queue* began her reign,

And thus equipp'd began her ramble,

Tearing and scratching the poor Snake;

But tho' she pass'd through thorn or bramble,

She wheel'd at every stone or stake;

'Twas that by which she was preserved,

By flexibility alone;

Those tails have always been observed

Most flexible that have least bone:

They yield to any slight impressiion;

Whereas an obstinate stiff rump

Maintains her ground, and keeps possession,

And moves for neither shove nor thump.

The Head, that had not slept a wink,

Catch'd her at last fast in a chink;

With sanguine eyes and pallid hue,

*La Tête* advanc'd steady and clear,

Came round, and disengaged *La Queue*,

And made her fall into the rear.—

When they are first that should be last,

It shall be now as in times past,

When they that were ordain'd to trail,  
Presume to take the lead and guide,  
They must return and be the tail,  
Or be cut off and laid aside.

## F A B L E XXI.

**A** FOX contriv'd, tho' lock'd and barr'd—  
 Contrivance was the Fox's trade—  
 To steal into a Farmer's yard,  
*A la fourdine*, by escalade;  
 With appetites wicked and loose,  
 Improv'd by travelling and art,  
 He suck'd the blood out of a Goose,  
 Ravish'd a Hen, and broke her heart.  
 To put an end to these lewd courses,  
 Before the caitiff was aware,  
 Surrounding him with all his forces,  
 The Farmer caught him in a snare,  
 He study'd till he crack'd his brains,  
 The writers of those times relate,  
 To find out penalties and pains,  
 To suit his cruelty and hate;  
 Revenge will help you at a pinch,  
 E'en when your parts begin to fail:  
 To make Volpone die inch by inch,  
 He ty'd a fire-brand to his tail.

2  
FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 225

The Fox ran straight to Hodge's corn,  
And caus'd as great a conflagration,  
As when Wilkes came and blew his horn,  
That, like the last trump, rous'd the nation :  
Turn'd out of doors, with an intention  
To get him basted well, and roasted ;  
What did they get by their invention ?  
With much ado they got him toasted.  
With Bills of Rights to his tail ty'd,  
With red-hot Humphry too he came,  
And more combustibles beside,  
That set all Brentford in a flame.  
The ruin spread, and made such haste,  
For all the engines they employ'd,  
The neighbouring towns were soon laid waste,  
And Middlesex was quite destroy'd :  
The flames reach'd London : but anon  
The wind chop'd round, or London too had gone.  
Both these examples are compleat ;  
I wish some folks would learn from hence  
To know that no revenge is sweet,  
Without a little common sense.

Q

FABLE

## F A B L E XXII.

The Petitioners for a Dissolution of the PEAR-  
TREE.

A PEAR-TREE fell into disgrace,  
Exhausting all its strength in leaves,  
An idle occupant of space,  
A shelter, and a den for thieves,  
For birds, perpetually merry,  
As long as there was plumb or cherry.  
The Orchard, in an ill condition,  
Complain'd to Colin they were plunder'd ;  
To their long grumbling petition,  
He only shook his head and wonder'd ;  
But took at last a resolution,  
To cut the useless Pear-tree down,  
This was a right of dissolution,  
Inherent clearly in the Clown.  
Colin in short the ax apply'd,  
And made a rupture in the Tree ;

When

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When lo ! there issued from its side,

In streams, the labours of the Bee.

As HENRY the Eighth replied,

Sweetheart—Good Katharine, he cried,

You go, said he, at a fine rate ;

I vow, you're in a pleasant vein :

Continue in this humour, Kate,

The birds and you shall both remain.

How could they ever sing so sweet,

If our poor birds had nought to eat ?

Remain, said he ; our humours suit,

Your honey overpays their fruit.

## F A B L E XXIII.

**A** TEAM of Oxen, fat and fair,  
 Resign'd to every Bumkin's goad;  
 With little feeling and less care,  
 Were marching with a heavy load;  
 During the march, the Wheels alone  
 Cry'd out, and made a grievous moan.  
 Pleas'd with the hint, Cæsar turn'd round,  
 My Lord, said he, this is good ground;  
 Faction makes all that noise and rumbling:  
 The People, that bear all the weight,  
 That drag the Waggon of the State,  
 March, like the Oxen, without grumbling,  
 Faction applies not to the wheels,  
 That go so heavily and lag on,  
 Replied the keeper of the seals,  
 Faction does not retard the waggon:  
 The reason then they go so ill,  
 Is want of grease, not want of will.

The K——s friends must be duly paid,

The wheels of government want greasing,  
Business of course must be delay'd,

And cause the noise that's so displeasing.

F A B L E XXIV.

**A** FRAGRANT Rose, in vernal bloom,  
 Close by a penfive Myrtle grew;  
 A melancholy jealous gloom  
 Darken'd the Myrtle's native hue.  
 O happy Rose! Myrtilla cry'd,  
 Thy sweets unrival'd yet by art,  
 Fairest of flowers, she said, and sigh'd,  
 Thy blushes warm and win the heart!  
 Whilst all conspire to fan thy pride,  
 To me, like a neglected maid,  
 Attending joyless on a bride,  
 Nought but cold compliments are paid.  
 The Rose reply'd—Myrtilla, cease;  
 Why will you envy me my day?  
 Why will you interrupt your peace?  
 You may please long, if you'll be gay.  
 The Rose's dower is short-liv'd praise,  
 Unfading vigour your's, and length of days.

Chloe,

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 231

Chloe, love Admiration less,

Love solid Truth and Virtue more;  
Then you will do what I profess

No woman ever did before.

## F A B L E XXV.

**A** HUNGRY Crow, lean as a stick,  
Beating about his hunting-ground,

To find, amongst the dead or quick,

A dinner, if it could be found,

Perceiv'd a Serpent lying basking—

This is a glorious Worm, indeed !

One may dine here ; there is no need,

Said he, to wait for asking.

On which Don Corvo cock'd his tail,

And strutted in the gutter ;

Resolv'd to fall to, tooth and nail,

When he had carv'd and cut her.

Instead of making a good dinner,

Or making a good hit,

Corvo, like many a foolish sinner,

Found himself miserably bit.

Too late he found out his mistake ;

Passion minds nothing but the form,

Passion

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 233

Passion will seize upon a Snake,  
And take it for a harmless Worm.  
This Fable in his hand, a Miser  
Said to his son, 'Tis hard to tell  
How many people would be wiser,  
If they apply'd this Fable well :  
You might have sav'd, said he, dear Will,  
Many a good pound and many a pill.  
The Son reply'd, How folks are blind !  
It means an avaritious mind,  
With hunger, toils, and danger struggling,  
'Till, bit for want of taking heed,  
Some cunning Serpent makes him bleed,  
As you were made to bleed for smuggling.

FABLE

F A B L E XXVI.

**A** FOX—with Death before his eyes,  
And at his back

The Furies, with their whips and cries,

Encouraging the hellish pack—

Stood on a precipice's brink,

Having but little time to think :

Of Friends of every kind,

And all resources, now bereft,

Presence of mind

Was all the Fox had left.

Upon the rock he spy'd a ledge,

And on the ledge, either a bush

With thorns and brambles, or a hedge,

Where he propos'd to make a push ;

He thought, if he could drop down plum,

At worst he could but lose his brush,

And scarify his bum.

Accordingly, he had the luck

To drop into the midst of all ;

Where for some time he hung and stuck,

And, hanging, broke his fall :

But found his calculation fail,

Entirely wrong from head to tail.

The Fox was safe whilst he held fast,

But was so mangled, rent, and torn,

By Bramble and tenacious Thorn,

He left his hold at last ;

Got to his journey's end, he cry'd,

With broken leg and bloody hide,

This is the way it always ends,

And so it should, and ever will,

When one lays hold of Rogues for Friends,

Trusting their honesty and skill.

If you had fallen quite from the top,

The Brambles answer'd one and all,

If you had never made a stop,

And never given us a call,

Crush'd

236 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Crush'd all to pieces like an egg,  
You would not have got off so well,  
Nor had so good a tale to tell

About a broken leg.

To keep out of Oppression's paw,  
Oblig'd to Westminster to ramble,  
You lay fast hold upon the Law,  
And hang on Lawyer Thorn and Serjeant Bramble,  
When you have hung on Thorns and Briers,  
I mean these keen blood-drawing Lawyers,  
And hung as long as you well could,  
Think not to scape at any rate,  
'Till you have left them half your blood,  
And lost a limb of your estate;  
On this, and only this condition,  
The Law may save you from perdition.

FABLE

F A B L E XXVII.

**H**ECTOR, a faithful Spaniel, spy'd  
His nephew, by a river side,

A youth entirely free from guile,

Running, but never taking heed,

As if he took it for the Tweed,

And had forgot it was the Nile.

On which, with eager pace,

Hector set out, and gave him chace.

Prince turn'd, and ask'd, Why all this hurry?

Fearless and calm when others fear,

But when there is no danger near,

My uncle's always in a flurry.

Mind, Prince, cry'd Hector, what I say,

You little know what traps and snares

You may fall into unawares,

If you run headlong in this way.

Old folks, said Prince, are too suspicious,

They fancy all our youthful hours

Are

238 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Are spent in riot and amours,  
When they were young, they were so vicious :  
But you must know I am no suitor ;  
So far from gallantry and courting,  
Or running after idle sporting,  
Know, I am running to my tutor,  
Whose wise and learned conversation,  
Let that suffice for your conjecture,  
I do prefer, good uncle Hector,  
To all the Doxies in the nation.  
That instant, from his oozy bed  
A Crocodile put forth his snout,  
A sludge-wrapp'd Bonnet hid his head,  
Entirely like a dirty clout.  
From that unhappy day, said Prince,  
The fatal news came by a Hound,  
You know, both then and ever since,  
We gave my mother up for drown'd.  
But my good friend there in the mud  
Has told me how that matter stood,  
Which either my good friend or I,  
Will tell you, uncle, by and by.

The

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 239

The Cubs, my brothers, have the measles,

My sisters look as thin as Weazles ;

Our Æsculapius Doctor Curr

Declares, as sure as they're alive,

'Twould kill them, but to wet their furr ;

Then how the devil should they dive ?

So I am going to fulfill,

To which you can have no objection,

My blessed mother's blessed will,

And study under her inspection.

I was to bring her the whole Litter ;

But let them stay till they are fitter.

Said Crocodile, then let them wait,

'Till they have leave from their physician,

They must not stir at any rate,

Unless they have Doctor Curr's permission ;

But if you go, said he to Hector,

The news will not so much affect her.

Now to your mother's praise and glory,

I'll tell your uncle here her story.

Struck with the beauty of that Dame,

As on a bank she lay'd asleep ;

Our

240 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Our God, the god Anubis, came,  
And hurry'd her into the deep.

Tho' she was married to a god,  
And the sole partner of his bed ;

Her cubs, which was exceeding odd,  
Were always running in her head.

Anubis, willing to assist her,

In order to remove her grief,  
Made a proposal to your sister,

That gave immediate relief—  
To keep them near her for the future,

And to appoint me for their tutor.

Dido, said he, trust to my friend  
(Our Crocodile let fall a tear),

To Pharoah, here, I recommend,  
Your house, and all that you hold dear ;

Believe me, he will spare no pains,  
To cultivate their tender brains.

One of your sons Pharoah will find,

Close by the Nile, and by and by,

Pharoah will bring you your young frie,  
And you'll be easy in your mind.

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 241

And now, said Pharoah, here I am,

You need not stand to haw and hum,

I'll soon convey you to your dam,

And Hector too, if he will come.

Besides the visit to your mother,

'Tis highly worth your uncle's while

To see the fountain of the Nile,

He never will see such another.

If I had never seen your charms,

Your Bonnet nor your Snout at all,

I knew you by your coat of arms,

It hangs, said Hector, in our hall.

I am engag'd, to my great sorrow:

As to my nephew, here, said he,

He must go back to-day with me,

He may return to you to-morrow.

Pharoah, perceiving 'twas in vain

To deal with Hector in that strain,

Came forth, to Prince's great surprize,

Shewing his horrid coat of mail,

His dreadful jaws and wicked tail,

Exhibited without disguise.

R

Wheel

242 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Wheel to the left, cry'd Hector, quick ;  
 With Crocodiles when you are dealing,  
 Keep them continually wheeling,  
 You will soon make the monsters sick.  
 Thus forc'd to quit the field in choler,  
 Pharoah return'd, and lost his scholar,  
 Beset with fraud, on ev'ry side,  
 With Crocodiles in ev'ry street,  
 'Tis dangerous, without a guide  
 For youth to advance or to retreat ;  
 In Westminster, how oft, at play,  
 Unguarded boys are snatch'd away !

## F A B L E XXVIII.

## The RESIGNATION.

**A** CERTAIN house swarm'd with huge Rats,  
 Traps, poison fail'd, baits they touch'd none;  
 An able chief amongst the Cats,  
 Pick'd them up sily one by one.  
 All Libertines that stay'd out late,  
 All Vagabonds shar'd the same fate.  
 This rouz'd the Hanoverian breed,  
 It grew to be a serious case;  
 If he was suffer'd to proceed,  
 He would extinguish the whole race.  
 A vote ensu'd, an order pass'd,  
 A proclamation for a fast.  
 Pursuant to their resolution,  
 They watch'd and pray'd, entrench'd like moles,  
 The Cat, by feline institution,  
 Studied to draw them from their holes.  
 He knew 'twas folly to pretend  
 To act the patriot, or the friend.

244 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN

What people with they soon believe,  
 The Cat fell sick and took his bed;  
 He form'd his project to deceive,  
 By lying down and seeming dead;  
 He shut his eyes, his breath held in,  
     Stretch'd out and straight,  
     He lay in state,  
 Just like a cat, worth nothing but his skin.  
 He cannot long continue so,  
 Says an old sage, stir not from hence;  
 This dying comes too *à propos*,  
 To be aught else than a pretence.  
 The wiser sort maintain'd their ground;  
 Grimalkin, baffled for this bout,  
 Rose from the dead, and with a bound  
 Rais'd the blockade, and let them out.  
 Some youngers only, not worth keeping,  
 That fally'd forth, paid for their peeping,  
 Even thus, according to report,  
 Edward's Grimalkin left his post;  
 Or, in the language of the court,  
 Thus Gaveston gave up the ghost.

And

# FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 245

And tho' the subtle Gascoon lord,  
 Assur'd the barons he was dead;  
 The barons would not take his word,  
 Till they had taken off his head.  
 The court declar'd him dead in law,  
 And some weak folks bit at the fflow;  
 But found that his contracted paw,  
 Retir'd to strike the surer blow.—  
 Cats seldom die a natural death,  
 As seldom Favourites resign  
 Naturally, without design,  
 'Till they resign their forfeit breath.

## F A B L E XXIX.

## The DOCTOR and STUDENT.

**A** LOBSTER, by a strange mistake,  
 Scrap'd an acquaintance with a snake;  
 To learn his suppleness and arts,  
 He boarded at the serpent's house;  
 Lobsters have not the quickest parts,  
 Armed cap-a-pie without much *nouse*.

The Doctor not the least afraid,  
 Altho' he knew Lob was audacious;  
 Long'd much to try what could be made  
 Out of a head-piece so testaceous.  
 All that a soldier can possess,  
 He oft repeated with a smile;  
 With strength and courage, is address,  
 In other words, a little guile;  
 As yet you are but raw, I see,  
 Tho' far beyond your A B C.

The

The best advice that I can give,  
 A sentiment for Kings to drink;  
 Let every one not only live  
 According to his rank, but think.  
 You have a comprehensive mind,  
 Lobsters ought not to think like oysters;  
 They were not made to be confin'd,  
 And spend their days like them in cloysters;  
 To stand when they should stir and buffle,  
 Gaping and studying like a muscle.  
 Cadmus prefer'd, in all his lectures,  
 Facts and experience to conjectures;  
 Lobsters, by an instinctive force,  
 Act selfishly without design;  
 Their feelings commonly are coarse,  
 Their honour always superfine.  
 Unfeeling, resolute, and cool,  
 But tutor'd in the serpent lore,  
 Lob grew, by taking pains at school,  
 Ten times more selfish than before;  
 Serpentine doubts and conscious fear,  
 Were hourly whispering in his ear,

248 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

"That friend of your's, so dark and sly, in illwT"  
 "Will sacrifice you in the end; if you have any  
 "Bravely exert yourself, and try whether a  
 "To be before-hand with your friend." Through

'Twas what he often try'd, but found,  
 Instead of gaining, he lost ground;  
 Perhaps his brain was too much strain'd,  
 Too weak to hold all it contain'd;  
 So through some little crack or chink,  
 His plots were smelt, and soon detected;  
 Like snuffers cramm'd, that by their stink  
 Betray the snuffs they have collected.  
 But time and fortitude, at last,  
 Paid him for all his patience past;  
 One day he enter'd, without rapping,  
 And caught the wary Cadmus napping;  
 Lob scarce could credit what he saw:  
 Finding him coiled, and fast asleep,  
 Fatigued with meditations deep,  
 He choaked his master with his claw.—  
 Now ponder well, and be severe,  
 Look sharp for some smart application;

'Twill fit both Commoner and Peer,  
If you have any provocation,  
Whether a Courtier, Statesman, or a City,  
Throughout you'll find some famous Biter bit.

'Twas what he often try'd, but found,  
Instead of gaining, he lost ground;  
Perhaps his brain was too much strain'd,  
Too weak to hold all he contain'd;  
So through some little crack or chink,  
His plots were leak'd, and soon detect'd;  
Like snuffers cream'd, that by their tink  
Betray the faults they have collect'd.  
But time and fortune, at last,  
Said him for all his patience pass;  
One day he enter'd, without tapping,  
And caught the wary Cadmus napping;  
Poor Cadmus could scarce what he saw;  
Finding him collect, and fast asleep,  
Fetters with meditations deep,  
He choked his master with his clay.—  
Now ponder well, and be severe,  
Look up for some smart application.

'Twill

FABLE

## F A B L E XXX.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

**A** NIGHTINGALE, in her retreat,  
 Exerted all her native powers;  
 Compos'd and sung plaintively sweet,  
 To charm the silent hours.

A hungry Hawk in ambush lay,  
 And seiz'd the hapless songster for his prey;  
 The warbling victim try'd in vain  
 To melt a cruel Tyrant's heart;  
 Proof against every moving strain  
 Of nature, or of art.

Charmer, said he, I wait too long,  
 Hawks require food, more solid than a song:  
 Then with a villain's smile he struck  
 The loveliest tenant of the wood;  
 In her poor heart his Beak he stuck,  
 Rioting in her vital blood:  
 Listen, ye fair ones, to my lay,  
 Your ways with trembling caution mark!

How

How many virgins fall a prey,  
 To some base murderer in the dark.  
 Your youth, your tears, your spotless fame,  
 Add to the brutal fire fresh fuel;  
 Deaf to compassion, dead to shame,  
 Selfishness is always cruel.  
 Ye candid souls, whose pulses beat  
 With no distemper'd selfish heat;  
 View here again a wretch oppress'd,  
 And heaven and earth in vain implored;  
 Robbed of his property and rest,  
 Devoured by a rapacious Lord.—  
 When Avarice and Power unblushing meet,  
 Woe to the humble Neighbour of the Great.

## F A B L E XXXI.

## THE BLACK-BIRD.

**I**N concert with the curfew bell,  
 An Owl was chaunting Vespers in his cell;  
 Upon the outside of the wall,  
 A Black-bird, famous in that age,  
 From a bow-window in the hall,  
 Hung dangling in a wicker cage.  
 Instead of psalmody and pray'rs,  
 Like those good children of St. Francis,  
 He seculariz'd all his airs,  
 And took delight in wanton fancies.  
 Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,  
 Every thing was calm and still;  
 All nature seem'd rapt and enchanted,  
 Except the querulous, unthankful rill.  
 Unaw'd by this imposing scene,  
 Our Black-bird the enchantment broke,  
 Flourish'd a sprightly air between,  
 And whistled the Black Joke.

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This lively, unexpected motion,  
Set nature in a gayer light;  
Quite over-turn'd the Monks' devotion;

And scatter'd all the gloom of night.

I have been taught in early youth,  
By an expert Metaphysician,  
That ridicule's the test of truth,  
And only match for superstition.  
Imposing rogues, with looks demure,  
At Rome keep all the world in awe;  
Wit is profane, learning impure,  
And reasoning against the Law.  
Between two tapers and a book,  
Upon a dresser clean and neat,  
Behold a sacerdotal Cook,  
Cooking a dish of heavenly meat!  
How fine he curtsies! Make your bow,  
Thump your breast soundly, beat your poll;  
Lo! he has toss'd up a Ragout,  
To fill the belly of your soul.  
Even here there are some holy men,  
Would fain lead people by the nose;

Did

# 254 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN:

Did not a Black-bird, now and then,

Benevolently interpose.

My good Lord Bishop, Mr. Dean,

You shall get nothing by your spite;

Tristram shall whistle at your spleen,

And put Hypocrisy to flight.

F A B L E XXXII.

P O U R M O I M E M E.

**W**ITHIN a Joyner's Shop, upon a Stool,  
With countenance serene and grave,

A Cat examin'd every tool,

As nicely as Rousseau's Elève.

A File, that understood its trade,

Provoked her Ladyship past bearing ;

Observing the great waste it made,

By clipping artfully and paring.

I'll serve you your own way, you knave,

For that, says Pufs, let me alone ;

I'll lick you with my tongue, you slave,

'Till I have lick'd you to the bone.

She lick'd 'till her whole tongue was flea'd,

And laugh'd to see the villain bleed ;

With blood he was all over red ;

Determining the File to kill,

The Cat lick'd on, believing still

It was the File and not her tongue that bled.

256 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

My Gard'ner, my Coachman John,  
My Groom, my Butler, the whole corps,  
Are objects to vent spleen upon,  
Whene'er the bileous pot boils o'er ;  
But I'll grow better when I'm able,  
To fume and fret is not worth while ;  
I am the Cat that bleeds in Fable,  
My Family—the unfeeling File.

F A B L E XXXIII.

THE TORTOISE.

CREATURES made chiefly for defence,  
Are seldom overstock'd with sense.

A Tortoise once, a military Beau,  
Hardy, to give the beast his due,  
Walk'd to and fro, solemnly slow,  
Like Prussians at a Review.  
Completely arm'd from head to tail,  
Proof against either cut or stab;  
As full of blubber as a Whale,  
With brains no better than a Crab.  
Suppose Ambition was inclin'd,  
To captivate his torpid mind;  
What could she do with such a mass?  
All that she could propose at most,  
Would be to lead him to some pass,  
And leave him standing like a post.  
But if Conceit, instead of her,  
Should make a puncture in his breast;

S

Conceit

# 258 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Conceit can make a Tortoise stir,  
 And labour to outdo the best.  
 And thus accordingly, one day,  
 Busy and rolling in his way,  
 Upon his axis, like a Porpoise;  
 I mean contemplating himself;  
 Conceit came like a fairy elf,  
 And took possession of my Tortoise.  
 Under a rock the formal fop,  
 With reconnoitring air and state,  
 Observ'd an aery near the top,  
 And saw an Eagle at the gate.  
 Eagle, the Coxcomb cries, descend,  
 I hate both Grotto and Alcove;  
 Be it my glory to attend,  
 And emulate the bird of Jove.  
 I feel all feathery and light,  
 Flush'd with warm vigour from fresh springs;  
 Descend, and mount me out of sight,  
 Consign me then to my own wings.  
 The Eagle lighted on the plain,  
 Arguments of all shapes he try'd;

Not

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 259

Not one would fit, 'twas all in vain,  
 Some were too strait, and some too wide.  
 Hard by, upon a thiftly bed,  
 An aged Afs repos'd, half dead ;  
 'Tis nought but Hypochondriac pride,  
 The fumes that lazinefs has bred ;  
 Before you try to fly, he cry'd,  
 Hop over that old Afs's head.—  
 The fool, like all in that condition,  
 Always flew out at opposition.  
 Alas ! what pains poor Envy takes,  
 The flimfy cap that ſhe puts on,  
 Is too transparent, ſays the Don,  
 To hide her execrable ſnakes.—  
 Stung to the ſoul with this reproach,  
 The Eagle bade the ſot approach ;  
 And, mounting him as high as he could ſoar,  
 Now ply your wings, ſaid he, 'tis time,  
 Whether you nobly chuſe to climb,  
 To fall like lightning, or to ſweep the ſhore.  
 He ſpoke, down dropp'd the Tortoiſe' plum,  
 With an exploſion like a bomb ;

One crash confounding back and belly;  
 His armour, once as hard as brass,  
 Lay like a heap of broken glass,

Lying upon a heap of jelly.—

Such I have met with in my walk,  
 Tortoises of distinguish'd air,  
 Creeping about to ask a talk,  
 At Bloomsbury, or Grosvenor Square.  
 They all are persons of great skill,  
 They know what's fittest to be done;  
 Landmen, or Seamen, as they will,  
 And Statesmen every Mother's Son;  
 They can compose, with their own hands,  
 All civil broils, all foreign jars;  
 Not one of them but understands

The disciplines of Wars.

Let but the Royal Eagle take him,  
 Take any one, and mount him high;  
 No arguments on earth can shake him,  
 They all believe that they can fly.  
 But if he drops him, down he goes,  
 And makes a pudding for the Crows.

F A B L E XXXIV.

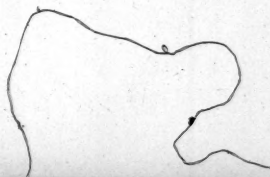
THE COOK.

**Æ**SOP is always a new Book,  
Æsop in a judicious hand;

But 'tis in vain on it to look,  
Without the Grace to understand.  
Pleasant his Fables are indeed,  
Profound, ingenious, and fly:  
Fables that infancy may read,

Maturity alone apply.

A Cook was busy with his Battery,  
Two Sycophants, two Knaves, I mean,  
Sat by, and play'd with red-hot Flattery,  
Against the Battery Cuisine.  
Both Engineers by profession,  
Their Flattery was so well planted,  
They soon dismounted his discretion,  
Which was the only point they wanted;  
For having built a famous pye,  
Larded his fowls, barded his larks;



## 262 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

As he had other Fish to fry,  
 He left the field to my two Sparks ;  
 And, whilst he flash'd and carbonaded,  
 Stew'd, and hash'd, and gasconaded,  
 A Fish of a superb appearance  
 Vanish'd from the Kitchen Table ;  
 Which miss'd, the Cook, and his adherents,  
 Made a confusion worse than Babel ;  
 One of those Fish, miscall'd by some,  
 In which St. Peter used to deal ;  
 Stamp'd for himself, with his own thumb,  
 The ancient Piscatory Seal.  
 Therefore let Peter have the Glory,  
 Let us to him ascribe the Dorys ;  
 Call it not John but Peter Dory,  
 Given *sub Sigillo Piscatoris*,  
 Advancing to the chopping-block,  
 Peace, cry'd the Cook, your clamours cease ;  
 Then with his cleaver gave a knock,  
 And all the Kitchen was at peace.  
 Says he, 'twas you, Sir, or your Brother,  
 No Cat comes here, I'll take my oath ;

Therefore it must be one or t'other—  
 He quite forgot, it might be both.  
 I have it not, the Thief reply'd;  
 I stole it not, cry'd the Receiver;  
 Both swore, protested, and deny'd,  
 And so the Cook laid down his cleaver.  
 The case seem'd so perplex'd and odd,  
 And the Cook's thoughts were so divided,  
 All three referr'd the case to God,  
 And there it rests till he decide it.—  
 Now from this Fable it appears,  
 Or from this Fable I surmise,  
 Some folks give credit to their Ears,  
 When they should scarce believe their Eyes.  
 This foolish Cook puts me in mind  
 Of the most dupeable of Nations;  
 Busy and active, but resign'd  
 To flattery on all occasions:—  
 And so, because my Moral's stale,  
 I'll close my Fable with a Tale,

## A FABLE; or, a TALE.

**H**OW many years it was ago,  
 To ascertain I don't engage;  
 Nor in what reign; I only know,  
 It happen'd in the Golden Age.  
 Upon the Record thus it stands:—  
 Two worthy Ministers combin'd  
 To play into each other's hands,  
 To cheat and puzzle all mankind.  
 The silly people were cajol'd,  
 And all their Tricks went glibly down;  
 At length one of them grew so bold,  
 He lay'd his hands upon the Crown;  
 And with more Bravery than Labour,  
 Handed it to his crafty Neighbour.  
 When you say Crown, you often mean  
 The Owner, whether King or Queen.  
 In such a case, you may believe,  
 The Priests would pray, the Laymen swear;

A few

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 265

A few would laugh, and some would grieve,  
And many want to hang this pair.  
I have him not, by Heaven, says John,  
I steal ! cries Will, a likely thing !  
Stolen or stray'd, however gone,  
It was not me that stole your King.  
Thus us'd to puzzle and confound them,  
This Nation's fury soon was past ;  
The people left them as they found them,  
Forc'd to appeal to Heaven at last.  
Fortune was seldom known so cross,  
Few disappointments are completer :  
To lose their King was a great loss,  
Not to recover him a greater.

## F A B L E XXXV.

**A** NONPAREIL, an Apple-tree,  
 A Commoner, haughty and proud ;  
 And a Pomegranate, a Grandee,  
 One day disputed hard and loud :  
 I am the Favourite of the Nation,  
 The Apple said, that's a plain case ;  
 I know your Rank and Occupation,  
 And laugh'd in the Pomegranate's Face.  
 My merit's known to all mankind,  
 I never courted your Choice Spirits ;  
 Your noble virtues are confin'd,  
 Few people know your latent Merits ;  
 Nor know your Virtues, like the Beaver's,  
 Lie in your feminal Receivers.  
 A Bramble, sneaking like a Rogue,  
 Out of a hedge, and out of sight,  
 Cry'd, Brethren, with a province brogue,  
 Be friends, and let us all unite.

# FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 267

When the Great quarrel, the small Fry  
 Stir, and affect important vigour;  
 Then, Æsop says, the Cyphers try,  
 But never can make any Figure.

## F A B L E XXXVI.

## F A N C Y.

**S**TRUCK with a block of Parian stone,  
 In a repository lying;  
 Tho' he had many of his own,  
 A sculptor could not pass it without buying.  
 Henceforth, he cry'd, be it my part  
 Thy latent, modest worth to blaze;  
 Say, shall I make thee, by my art,  
 A God, a tripod, or a vase?  
 Be thou a God, and, if I please,  
 The God whose bolts at pride are hurl'd;  
 Tremble, mankind, down on your knees,  
 Behold the sovereign of the world!  
 Far as an artist's power can reach,  
 Jupiter, it was confests'd,  
 Throughout, in every thing but speech,  
 Divinely was express'd.  
 'Tis said his art went farther still,  
 That he was the first dupe of his own skill.

His

His work, it seems, was scarce completed,

When lo! with reverential awe,

From an imagination heated,

In his, the real God he saw.

Fix'd, like his Jupiter, he stood,

Fear stopp'd the current of his blood,

Poets asleep, and poets waking,

Have also now and then been found,

And some with heads reputed sound,

Frighten'd at Gods of their own making.

And folks in love are often smitten,

Contrary to their intention,

And are as often sadly bitten

By creatures of their own invention.

You sigh for Chloe, heavenly fair,

But you must ever sigh in vain;

Chloe, whose cruel chains you wear,

Lives only in your brain.

Let fancy trace out a conceit,

And draw some beautiful deception,

Passion will catch at the deceit,

And take it under her protection.

'Tis

270 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

'Tis done, she is your's for evermore;

Chloe, 'tis true,

Belongs to you,

But not the Chloe you adore.

Your husbands, ladies, are quite wrong,

They represent you in false lights;

The burthen of a husband's song

Is, one and all—they all are bites.

Alas ! thy wife is not to blame,

There was no fallacy in Nan,

Thy injur'd wife is still the same,

*Eadem semper*, like queen Anne :

Serene with Nants, fat with October,

*Eadem semper*, never sober.

You bit yourself ; had you the wit,

You would continue to be bit.

As upon clouds the varying wind,

So fancy acts upon the mind ;

Blows vernal gales, and paints the skies

With angel forms that charm the eyes.

But oh ! delicious, flattering gales,

Boreas is coming with his storms;

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 271

Black clouds, like crocodiles and whales,

Will drive away your angel forms.

Fontaine's remark is deep and fly—

We're all, says he, both age and youth,

Warm in the interest of a lye,

And cold as ice for naked truth.

Why not, if naked truth be frightful,

And fiction dress'd appear delightful?

It is a universal foible;

Fontaine is read from morn till night,

By people that take no delight

Over the gospel or the bible.

Fiction is like a mistress gay,

Truth like a wife. Would you, Sir, chuse

To hear dull truths day after day

Rather than fictions that amuse?

Dull, naked truth, in case of need,

I own, does well enough in bed,

For there, and only there, indeed,

Her mercury, attracts her lead.

But not enough, I have a notion,

To give the lead sufficient motion.

We

lack

Black

272 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

We all can magnify our ills ;

It requires none, or little art,

To turn our bon bons into pills,

Or make a bolus of a tart.

To make a sweetmeat of a pill,

Requires some fancy, and more skill.

From whence there follows, with great ease,

This truth, not easily defeated—

We may be wretched when we please,

But to be happy must be cheated.—

May all that cannot do without them,

All husbands, and all virtuous wives,

Carry their remedy about them,

And be impos'd on all their lives !

May both of them do one or t'other,

Deceive themselves, or cheat each other !

## F A B L E XXXVII.

The Difference between Offensive and Defensive  
CUNNING.

**A** LION, with a wand'ring gout,  
 Upon his couch or bed lay roaring;  
 The Courtiers all stood round about,  
 Every God and aid imploring.  
 Excruciated like a Martyr,  
 The Doctors brought a thousand fops,  
 To pave the way for his departure,  
 They pour'd them down the Lion's chops.  
 Of all the Courtiers that attended,  
 Waiting about him in a ring,  
 The Wolf officiously pretended  
 To sympathize most with the King.  
 Whilst we are all in such a fright,  
 Sir, said the Wolf, it must appear  
 Extremely wrong, in every light,  
 That your Attorney is not here.

T

My

274. FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

My friend the Fox is much to blame,  
 Now that your Majesty's so ill,  
 To roam about killing your game,  
 Bound by no laws but his own will,  
 He is the chief lord paramount,  
 And one would swear your forest-laws  
 Were only made on his account,  
 To fill his guts and grease his paws.  
 A selfishness and inattention,  
 Which otherwise I should not mention:  
 When our salvation is at stake,  
 When every one should watch and pray,  
 When every eye should be awake,  
 'Tis highly criminal, I say.  
 I say, that such a gross neglect,  
 In one that has the Royal ear,  
 Cannot but argue disrespect,  
 The consequence of which I fear.  
 Such subjects seldom, by design,  
 Stop at the disrespectful line.  
 At his return the Fox was told  
 How handsomely his friend had serv'd him;

His

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 275

His spite at me is very old,  
Says Master Fox, I have observ'd him.  
Only because I go a fowling,  
Am rich, and entertain my friends;  
Whilst he, for very hunger howling,  
Is fit to eat his fingers ends.  
Volpone that instant ran to court,  
Salutes the Wolf quite frank and hearty;  
The Monarch cry'd, Had you good sport,  
Sir Reynard? who was of your party?  
Your Majesty, says the Attorney,  
Is misinform'd about my journey.  
That I was hunting is most true,  
Making the strictest perquisitions,  
Amongst the Magi and Physicians,  
To find a remedy for you.  
When your Gout's fix'd, or quite remov'd,  
Then, Sir, my care and pious zeal,  
For you, and for the common-weal,  
Will be acknowledg'd and approv'd.  
In the mean time I must proceed  
To tell my sovereign Lord his cure;

# 276 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

His royal heart, I know, will bleed,  
 I feel myself what he'll endure;  
 'Tis the advice of a wife Hermit,  
 A recipe I cannot term it,  
 Of a profound and learned Boar,  
 Whose hermitage is in a wood,  
 Who pores and studies evermore,  
 And studies only to do good.  
 A Wolf must presently be got,  
 In such a case it is no sin,  
 Flay him alive, and piping hot  
 Wrap the King up in the Wolf's skin.  
 Thus, Sir, if you will be directed,  
 Your pains will quickly be abated,  
 The morbid matter be ejected,  
 And health and vigour reinstated.  
 The Lion, rising from his seat,  
 Order'd the Wolf to rest content,  
 To lie down prostrate at his feet,  
 And patiently wait the event.  
 That done, he call'd his Surgeons in;  
 Flay me, said he, that Wolf completely,

**FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 277**

Flay him alive, but flay him neatly,  
Or you may spoil his honour's skin.  
The brains of Wolves, as some report,  
Are in the grinders of the brute;  
Contrivance is not the Wolf's fort;  
Beasts without scent ought to hunt mute;  
Their howling spreads such an alarm,  
They very seldom do much harm.—  
Had the Wolf let the Fox alone,  
Had he not forc'd him to contrive,  
He might have sav'd his skin and bone,  
He would not have been flay'd alive.—  
To try his cunning and his art,  
A would-be minister of State,  
Dup'd by his own malicious heart,  
Now and then meets with the same fate.  
May all that follow the Wolf's trade  
In the same coin be always paid!

## F A B L E XXXVIII.

## THE MOLE.

**W**ITH intellects by nature muddy,  
 A Mole kept moiling under ground,  
 Liv'd like Dun Scotus, in his study,  
 And got the name of The profound,  
 At length by labouring and boring,  
 Amongst the blind and the benighted,  
 And by continually poring,  
 He was accounted second-sighted,  
 Thoroughly vers'd in every part  
 And mystery of the black-art.  
 In short, the studies of the blind  
 Are always of the occult kind.  
 As clear as you can see at noon  
 He saw, according to report,  
 What folks were doing in the Moon  
 And were undoing about Court.  
 Such was the Doctor's great renown,  
 All kinds of people, young and old,

**TABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 279**

Came and address'd the velvet gown,  
Eager to have their fortunes told.

His mother, a discreet old dame,

Knew well the genius of the youth;  
She was not such a dupe to Fame,

To take all her reports for truth.

Down she descends, without a rap,

And finds him about half awake,

Just in that studious kind of nap

That your great students often take.

Mother, said he, by all that's bright,

I saw you tripping o'er the plain;

What a fine thing is second-sight,

A fine illuminated brain!

I knew you, mother, well enough;

I heard your step an hour ago,

And smelt the fragrance of your ruff,

As I was studying below.

That you, said she, was always blind,

Was not a point that wanted clearing;

But now, alas! I also find,

You have neither feeling, smell, nor hearing.

280 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN

When you set up to botanize,

I prov'dy to cure you of your folly,

You could not judge, by your own eyes,

Between a Thistle and a Holly.

But when you talk of second-sight,

Let your internal light so shine,

That not one soul shall by that light

Find out a meaning or design.

Therefore, to keep your reputation,

Few words are best, my learned son ;

Avoid all kind of conversation—

If you converse you are undone.

They may consult you, if they will,

But always keep in the same walk,

Keep studying and conjuring still,

Let all your talk be conjuring talk,

For few folks pay, with a good grace,

For any thing they understand ;

Nonsense is quite another case,

'Tis the best trade throughout the land :

Else how should doctors fare so well,

And other trades, that I could tell.

FABLE

F A B L E XXXIX.

The KING and the COBLER.

**A** COBLER, in a forry plight,  
 Chang'd his profession, and turn'd Quack,  
 Shut up his stall, and took his flight,  
 With his whole fortune on his back.  
 From mending shoes, to a physician,  
 Or to a mender of the state,  
 Is no such violent transition,  
 Nor an old tale quite out of date.  
 An orator that speaks off hand,  
 A speaker for the public good,  
 Is not oblig'd, I understand,  
 To make himself be understood:  
 But if his speeches bring him pelf,  
 You're sure he understands himself.  
 The Cobler did not speak like Nestor,  
 Whose words fell soft as flakes of snow,  
 Nor like Therfites, the old jester,  
 But like some orators we know.

282 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

His oratory cost him nought,

His lungs were made of cobbler's leather,

The words ran off as quick as thought,

Rapid and clutter'd all together ;

A kind of hurricane oration,

A whirlwind, with an inundation.

Or like a rapid roaring torrent,

Full of confusion and disasters,

With cattle swimming down the current,

And fishes lying in the pastures ;

Cottages, houses, meadows, wood,

Standing in water or in mud.

Speaking was not his surest card,

The best was of his own invention ;

It was an antidote to guard

Against all poison you could mention.

Its fame was spread through every quarter,

And all folks drank it like Tar-water.

God blefs his Majesty ; the King,

Like other folks, had got a cold,

On which the Courtiers in the ring

Observ'd that some folks were grown bold.

To

From

From thence it went through every rout,  
 In whispers, whisper'd very low,  
 The King was poison'd, without doubt,  
 By poison that would poison flow.  
 The King was speedily appriz'd  
 Of what folks said, and all folks thought,  
 And by the Cabinet advis'd  
 To take the Cobler's antidote.  
 He would have taken it, I fear,  
 Had it not been for a wise Seer.  
 Sir, what your ministers advise,  
 Suppose the fact be true, indeed,  
 Said he, may be extremely wise;  
 But let them on sure ground proceed.  
 Order the Doctor to appear,  
 And then I'll make this matter clear.  
 The Cobler was directly call'd,  
 A glass of water stood prepar'd,  
 The cobling Doctor stood appall'd,  
 The King and all the Courtiers star'd.  
 Take, said the Seer, this glass and view it:  
 Doctor, said he, if you're so clever,

To

From

284 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

To take this potion, and subdue it,

Your fame and fortune's fix'd for ever,

That it is poison is most true,

The worse, the deadlier the draught,

The greater honour will be due

To your alexipharmic craft.

Now, Doctor, you must shew your skill;

Whip them off clean, and make your will.

The Cobler fell upon his knees:

I own, said he, my want of knowledge,

And also own that my degrees

Were taken at the Coblers college:

For want of practice, and from hunger,

I turn'd a counter-poison monger.

Let it not cause the least alarm,

I'll answer for it with my blood,

It can do no one any harm,

But may do fanciful folks good.

In short, 'tis neither more nor less,

'Tis my own water, I confess.

Then turning to the King, the Seer

Said, pray Sir, ask your good friends here,

What

What their advice was built upon,

What they could mean, what were their views,

To let you trust your life with one

That none would trust with their old shoes.

So long betray'd, so long deceiv'd,

The King reply'd, I'm truly griev'd,

These rogues, that gave themselves such airs,

That made bad worse, are fairly trapp'd;

These coblers shall be kick'd down stairs,

Turn'd out, and all be soundly strapp'd,

Sir, said the Seer, after their flogging,

Pray give me leave to make a motion,

That every one shall take a noggin

Of Doctor Strap's salubrious potion;

'Twill either prove a mild emetic,

A gentle purge, or diuretic.

Mind, Doctor, cry'd the king, and laugh'd,

Do you take care that every man,

Drink the king's health in a full can,

And pay you for your cordial draught.

Now, said the King, I am quite fast,

All kind of menders I have try'd;

The

# 286 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

The menders of the other side  
 Cobbled exactly like the last.  
 When my two doctors disagree,  
 To drive out both, with resolution  
 To trust to a good constitution,  
 And temperance, is best for me.

FABLE

F A B L E XL.

The Independent Oxen, and the Grand Allies.

**F**OUR powerful Oxen, fat as bacon,  
One weigh'd a hundred stone at least,

As brave, for all he was a capon

As Captain Bull, at a bull-feast;

I mean a Bull with his young bride,

And her bride-maidens, by his side.

These Oxen never could be parted,

Either by foes, or stress of weather;

They neither fear'd, flinch'd, nor started,

When all their horns were clubb'd together :

Even the Lion's roaring pride,

With all his terrors, they defy'd.

Whoever had contriv'd to fat 'em,

Their buttocks look'd so plump and nice,

The Lion fain would have been at 'em,

The Lion long'd for a good slice :

But

# 288 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

But he had sense enough to know,  
 They did not wear their horns for show.  
 As to the Lion's knowledge-box,  
 His headpiece was not worth a rush;  
 The Lion's chancellor, the Fox,  
 Had far more knowledge in his brush.  
 Jackall was sent, the Fox's friend,  
 To bid the chancellor attend.  
 A Fox is not a royal treat,  
 And therefore Reynard might rely on,  
 Unless he had nothing else to eat,  
 The word and honour of a Lion.  
 The Fox perceiv'd, by Jack's report,  
 Deliver'd with a savoury smell,  
 That peace and plenty reign'd at court,  
 That the King's stores were furnish'd well.  
 On which he set out with Jackall,  
 Obedient to the Lion's call.  
 Treated with a most gracious smile,  
 Instead of a most hearty meal,  
 They both were thank'd, in the old style,  
 For their great loyalty and zeal.

The

The royal paw of course was kiss'd,  
 And Jack purveyor was dismiss'd.  
 Fox, said the King, weigh well this matter—  
 Four Oxen are encamp'd hard by,  
 There never were four eunuchs fatter,  
 Nor any eunuchs half so sly :  
 Bestir yourself, my learned chief,  
 Contrive to put these friends asunder,  
 If you have any love for beef,  
 Or any love for lawful plunder.  
 The fat tid-bits, the choicest meat,  
 Their lights and livers, tongues, and hearts,  
 Fall to your Lordship by escheat,  
 With all their tripes and inward parts.  
 To work goes Reynard with his brains,  
 Finds out, and thus harangues our cattle :  
 The greatest sovereign of the plains,  
 Offers you peace, or deadly battle.  
 I am the Lion's plenipo,  
 His gracious intent I know ;  
 His Majesty had rather far  
 You should chuse peace, for your own sakes ;

U

Whoever

290 FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

Whoever is dispos'd for war,  
Should know the task he undertakes—  
Are you prepar'd to bid defiance,  
Against so powerful an alliance?  
The King will march with his allies,  
Tygers and Leopards in his pay,  
With wolves of an enormous size,  
Tartars, that only fight for prey;  
Unless you banish from your states,  
That insolent, enormous beast,  
A brute that every creature hates;  
That only lives to cram and feast.  
'Tis your own interest, depend on't,  
'Tis obvious to common sense;  
Declare yourselves quite independent,  
Banish your tyrant far from hence:  
Extend your trade, encrease your food—  
All the King's views are for your good.  
By tyranny and usurpations,  
To what a bulk the monster's grown!  
Whilst you, by bars and limitations,  
Must be reduc'd to skin and bone.

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN. 291

Many, with looks profound and wise,  
To cunning fall a sacrifice ;  
And thus their chief, by threats and art,  
Was driven out and forc'd to run ;  
Their wisest head, and stoutest heart,  
They lost at once, and were undone :  
For when their main support was gone,  
All four were pick'd up one by one.

Reader, perhaps you are not able  
To mark the Actors in the fable :  
I do not know, myself, the Fox,  
But England is the monstrous Ox :  
If you can't guess the other three,  
You'll never be inform'd by me.  
The Lion is—you'll not guess soon,  
A royal house—house of Baboon—  
The grand Baboon of Monkey-land  
Has the whole house at his command.

F I N I S.

TABLES FOR GROWN CHILDREN

...and which

The evening fall a shadow

And from their midst

We as driven out and forced to turn

...which head and

They left at once, and with

For their

All four were picked up one by one

Reader, perhaps you are not able

To mark the Actors in the

I do not know, my

But English is

If you can't guess

You'll never be informed by me

The Lion is—you'll not guess soon

A royal house—house of

The great Baron of

It seems whole house at his command



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